

# Newport Mercury.

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**The Mercury.**  
—PUBLISHED BY—  
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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellanea and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and of the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

**Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.**

**ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 355, Order Sons of St. George—Percy J. Joffe, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.**

**NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Maccabees—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles R. Randall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.**

**COURT WAGON, No. 879, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.**

**THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Alexander MacLellan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.**

**LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Cassey, President; Miss M. A. Sullivan, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.**

**OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. Packham, Master Workman; Perry J. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.**

**MALDEN LODGE, No. 98, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.**

**LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittle G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.**

**REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—William Chapman, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.**

**SLAVE DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of O.—Sir Knight Captain W. H. Larulian; Sir Knight, J. Gorton; Recorder. Meets first Fridays.**

**OLAN McLEOD, No. 103—James Graham, President; G. Gillick, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.**

**Local Matters.**

**Eighty-fifth Anniversary.**

Hon. T. Mumford Seabury observed the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birth on Thursday, enjoying a drive about the city, and entertaining a few intimate friends at dinner. His son, Mr. B. Hammett Seabury of Springfield, Mass., came on to assist in the observance of the day.

Although so far advanced in years, Mr. Seabury still retains his bodily and mental vigor and daily visits the store that he founded sixty-four years ago. It was during the year of the Dorset Rebellion that Mr. Seabury first engaged in the shoe business, opening an establishment on the same spot where his store stands to-day. During the years that have passed he has built up a business that is known in many parts of the country, many of the summer people being unwilling to shop anywhere else than at the Seabury Store.

Mr. Seabury is a regular attendant at the Second Baptist Church, in which he has held for many years the office of deacon.

One of the Portsmouth car barn robbers made an attempt to secure his liberty at the State Prison on Thursday. Arthur G. Webster, alias "St. Paul Tip," who was given a sentence of 25 years for his participation in the robbery, had fashioned for himself a dummy revolver out of wood, studded in perfect imitation of a genuine weapon. With this he threatened an attendant and engaged in a desperate struggle to secure possession of the genuine revolver. He was overpowered and locked up in the cell.

Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., and Mrs. William Willard figured in a runaway accident in this city Monday afternoon. Mrs. Dyer was driving near the lower end of Kay street when a piece of the harness broke and the horses became unruly. Both ladies were thrown out and the horses freed themselves from their carriage and ran to Parker avenue before being stopped. Neither of the occupants of the carriage was seriously injured although both were considerably shaken up and bruised.

The fishermen are not having very good luck just at present but are getting good prices for whatever they are able to land.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hazard and Miss Mary Hamilton have returned from the White Mountains.

**F. M. J. A. Building.**

The new building of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society, toward which the members have worked with unflagging industry for many months, was formally dedicated on Sunday last with simple but impressive ceremonies. The new building is well located on lower Thames street and is a handsome and commodious structure. The material is of buff brick with white marble trimmings. On the lower floor are two desirable stores and a small tenement, while on the second floor are the hall, officers' rooms, library, parlor, etc., all very comfortable and attractive. There is a large assembly hall on the third floor, well adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, with convenient ante-rooms. There are game rooms and provisions for many different kinds of amusements.

Sunday afternoon, after a short street parade of the members of the society, headed by the Seventh Artillery Band, the dedicatory exercises were held in the hall of the new building. The guests of the occasion were Senator George Peabody Wetmore, Mayor Robert C. Cottrell, ex-Mayor Robert S. Franklin, ex-Mayor F. P. Garrettsou, Rev. Father Meenan and Rev. Father Tierney. Rev. Father Meenan conducted a brief dedicatory service, blessing the building and the workers in it.

Mr. Daniel E. Doherty, president of the society, presided at the dedication. He spoke of the work of the society and touched upon the labors of Father Theobald Mathew, from whom the society took its name. He told of the objects of the building, to provide a place of innocent amusement for young men before they form a taste for liquor.

The next speaker was Rev. Father Meenan, who complimented the society upon the fine new building, and also upon the fine, clear-eyed appearance of the members. He told of the great work that was accomplished by Father Mathew by his zeal and steadfastness in the cause of temperance. He urged his hearers to stand by their public pledge and avoid the use of stimulants. He thought that the new building should be an added incentive to their work, and he hoped that the members of the society would not forget Senator Wetmore who had done much to assist them in their work.

The next speaker was Senator Wetmore. In presenting him President Doherty said, "We have with us a gentleman on whom the electors of the State have seen fit to bestow the highest honor in their power, electing him governor. Since that he has twice been elected by the legislature of Rhode Island, Senator, an honor unusual for any man to receive. Let us hope that the incoming legislature will again see fit to send our noble Senator Wetmore back to the United States Senate for a third term. I take pleasure in introducing our very good friend, Senator Wetmore."

Senator Wetmore was greeted with hearty applause. He congratulated the members of the society upon their success and declared himself as being in thorough sympathy with their objects. Other speakers were Mayor Cottrell and ex-Mayors Franklin and Garrettsou.

The building was open for inspection on Monday evening and a great many persons took advantage of the opportunity afforded them to look it over.

Republican ward caucuses will be held on Monday evening next for the purpose of electing members of the city committee, and delegates to the city convention, as well as nominating candidates for warden and ward clerk. At the city convention on Tuesday evening delegates will be elected to the State convention, and candidates for Senator and Representatives will be named.

There was an alarm of fire from Box 42 shortly before three o'clock Wednesday morning, calling the department to the grocery store at 107 Levin street where a brisk fire was in progress. Quick work by the firemen prevented serious damage except to the back part of the store.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Margarette Stuart of St. John, N. B., a graduate of the Nurses' Training School at the Newport Hospital, and Mr. Edward H. Bulkley of New York, a brother of Mrs. Prescott Lawrence.

Assistant Engineer Edward T. Bosworth is acting as Chief of the Fire Department in the absence of Chief Kirwin.

Mrs. William Astor returned to New York last Sunday, and her condition is reported as being much improved.

Chief Kirwin of the fire department is attending the national convention of fire chiefs at Dallas, Texas.

Admiral and Mrs. Stephen B. Luce have returned from Poland Springs, Maine.

**Baptist Anniversaries.**

The Rhode Island Baptist Educational Society held its one hundred and fourteenth anniversary at the Second Baptist Church in this city on Monday evening, Rev. Thomas E. Bartlett, D. D., of Providence presiding. The exercises comprised prayer, Scripture reading, selections by the choir, and an address by Rev. George E. Harr, D. D., of Newton, Mass., who spoke on "The Equipment of a Minister." Various annual reports were read and received. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—Rev. Thomas E. Bartlett, Providence.  
Vice President—Rev. H. W. Waijen, Warren.  
Secretary—Rev. B. T. Livingston, Providence.  
Treasurer—Olyia A. Jillson, Providence.

Board of Directors—President W. H. P. Faunce, D. D., Brown University; Rev. Henry M. King, D. D., Providence; Professor W. C. Folsad, Brown University; Rev. Edward Holyoke, Providence; Rev. W. L. Wood, Pawtucket; Rev. L. L. Henson, D. D., Providence; Rev. Frank Rector, D. D., Pawtucket.

Auditors—William Armour, George Nicholas.

Women's Auxiliary Committee—Miss Sarah C. Durfee, chairman, Providence; Mrs. C. F. Wilcox, secretary, Providence; Mrs. W. H. P. Faunce, Mrs. J. V. Osterhout, Mrs. Charles E. Swan, Mrs. William H. Bowen, Mrs. F. L. Smith, Mrs. H. H. Pepper, Mrs. T. E. Bartlett.

The Rhode Island Baptist State Convention held its eighty-second anniversary at the Second Baptist Church in this city on Tuesday, with a large assemblage of delegates. Rev. L. L. Hanson, D. D., was elected president and Rev. G. W. Quick, D. D., of this city delivered an address of welcome in behalf of the church, the response being by the president. "Our State for Christ" was the subject of an address by Rev. Edward Holyoke, D. D., of Providence.

The annual reports of the various officers and committees were received. The president announced the appointment of the committees for the session. Dinner was served by the ladies of the church in the vestry.

At the afternoon session, after devotional exercises by Rev. A. T. Belknap, the principal address was delivered by Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., of New York on the topic, "Our Foreign Population." Other speakers of the afternoon were Rev. J. R. Brown, Rev. T. E. Bartlett, Rev. E. A. Bowen, Rev. Frank Rector, D. D., Rev. W. L. Woods, Rev. H. Jerome White, and Rev. B. T. Livingston. The resolutions presented by the committee on resolutions were adopted.

At the evening session the principal address was by Rev. T. J. Villers, D. D., on "Our Baptist Heritage." Rev. H. M. King, D. D., delivered the address of welcome to pastors settled within the State during the past year.

**Three-alarm Fire.**

For the first time in many months a general alarm was sounded last Saturday night, calling all the fire apparatus in the city to Reagan's garage on South Baptist street where a fiercely hot fire was raging. Although the fire looked dangerous when the third alarm was struck it was really almost over then and the most of the apparatus was not needed. As a result of the fire an \$18,000 automobile belonging to Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt is a total loss and the garage and its equipment belonging to Mr. John T. Reagan was badly damaged.

It was a little after 11 o'clock Saturday night when men were working on Mr. Vanderbilt's machine which had been taken to the garage for repairs. For some reason a slight fire broke out on the automobile and a still alarm was struck. By the time the chemical arrived an explosion had occurred and the structure was a mass of flames. A box alarm was at once struck but when the companies responded to this alarm the flames were coming through the roof and threatening other property, so a general alarm was struck to call more men and hose. After streams were thrown on the interior of the garage it did not take long to extinguish the flames but not until the structure and its contents had been pretty badly gutted and several adjoining buildings more or less damaged.

Two other automobiles which were in the garage when the fire broke out were removed by the workmen assisted by neighbors. The fire was not allowed to communicate with the machine shop and grocery store also owned by Mr. Reagan, although all this property is practically connected.

Gunner George H. Palmer, U. S. N., has been detached from the Torpedo Station and ordered to duty on the Battleship Georgia.

Mr. H. E. Vall, private secretary to Senator Wetmore, has been suffering from a sprained ankle.

Steam yacht Electra is hauled up for the winter.

**City Council.**

The regular monthly meeting of the City Council was held on Tuesday evening, when routine business was transacted, but the meeting was long drawn out. The appropriation was made for the public comfort station for which the Park Commission has been working for some time. There were some other matters of more or less importance considered.

The report of the finance committee was received and bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

City Asylum,	\$883.10
Books, Stationery and Printing,	191.90
Fire Department,	1,453.01
Board of Health,	1,001.05
Grants,	117.00
Indexing and Preserving Records,	116.50
Lighting Streets,	2,187.40
Police Department,	180.65
Police,	146.68
Public Buildings,	292.16
Public Parks,	520.57
Public Schools,	14,653.50
Streets and Highways,	1,002.01
Ward Meetings,	262.27
A. Touro Jewish Synagogue Fund,	109.10
Burial Grounds,	50.00
Fourth of July,	37.50
Various Estates,	35.40
Dog Fund,	65.00
	\$24,681.62

The Park Commission presented a communication asking that the sum of \$1,911.09 be transferred from the park improvement fund to the Park Commission for the purpose of erecting a public convenience on Washington square, and that an additional appropriation of \$1000 be made to allow the commission to contract in full for the proposed new station, the bid received being equal to the two amounts.

When the resolutions were presented in the board of aldermen there was considerable discussion. A motion to refer to the finance committee was defeated by a vote of three to two, and the resolution making the transfer of the first amount was passed by the same vote. The second resolution, for the extra appropriation of \$1,000, was ruled out of order by Mayor Cottrell, but an appeal to the floor resulted in an overruling of the mayor's decision. The resolution was passed, 3 to 2. There was also considerable discussion in the common council but both resolutions were finally passed in concurrence.

On recommendation of the committee on finance, resolutions were passed transferring the sum of \$400 from the Fourth of July appropriation to the appropriation for books, stationery and printing, and the sum of \$227.50 from the appropriation for the construction of the new high school building to an appropriation for repairs to the building; also a resolution authorizing the payment of \$100 to Ethel Cozzens, for assistance in the preparation of the tax assessment, the money to be charged to the appropriation for incidentals.

On recommendation of the committee on streets and highways, resolutions were passed authorizing a sewer on Spring street, between Ann and Gildley streets, to connect with the Ann street sewer; also an extension of the sewer in Clifton street 800 feet, at a cost of \$1,200.

On recommendation of the committee on street lights, the lights were ordered placed. An appropriation of \$25.25 for damages to property of Mrs. Catherine E. Finkle was referred to the finance committee.

On recommendation of the assessors of taxes resolutions were passed refunding to Theodore W. Woolsey \$240 taxes paid, and to Alexander J. McDonald and wife \$20.25; also remitting the following taxes:—Of \$120 against the estate of Mrs. E. W. Horton, \$24 against Mrs. J. T. Burdick, \$24 against the C. Burdick trustee, \$5 against B. A. Langley, executor, \$50 against W. T. Dunne, \$540 against A. K. Norman, \$900 against H. F. Webster, \$120 against H. L. Willoughby and \$5,700 against J. I. Kane, executor of the estate of W. C. Schermerhorn.

There was some discussion in the common council of the action of the local street railway in running their Bath road cars only to Cliff avenue for the greater part of the year. A committee was appointed to meet the officials of the road and discuss some means of securing service to the Beach except during the actual winter months. The committee consists of Aldermen Bliss and Kelly, Councilmen Donnelly, Casey and Milne.

A petition from the Newport Street Railway for permission to carry freight was referred to the committee on streets and highways, and the accompanying ordinance was referred to the committee on ordinances. A petition for a fire alarm box at Ann and Thames streets was referred to the committee on fire department with power to act.

Petitions were referred to the committee on streets and highways as follows: From John B. Steele and others for damages to property as the result of change of grade on Kinsley's wharf; of J. P. Cotton and others for sewerage on their property around Malbone road; of C. H. Koehne and others for curbing East Bowery street, and of G. S. Hewlett and others for improvements to the road bed of the same street.

To the committee on streets and highways was referred a communication

from the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, stating that the Old Colony Railway Company or the New Haven road, its successor, has not the deeds of certain lands granted by the city of Newport to the railroad company in 1860, and that it desires before it undertakes certain improvements which are contemplated to secure full title to the lands granted.

The board of aldermen granted a number of licenses for the sale of milk.

**Wedding Balls.**

**King-Brown.**

Miss Katherine Brown and Mr. Arthur Gladling King were married at the First Baptist Church on Spring street Monday evening in the presence of a small company of relatives and friends, Rev. Edward A. Johnson, D. D., pastor of the church, officiating. The bride wore a traveling dress and was attended by Miss Josephine Carlson as bridesmaid. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Louis King, as best man.

A reception followed at the residence of the groom's sister, Mrs. William F. Kenyon, on Appleby street. A collation was served during the reception. Mr. and Mrs. King left via Fall River line for New York, where they will reside for the winter, Mr. King being in the employ of the New York Transportation Company.

**Schroeder-Corcoran.**

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place at St. Joseph's rectory Tuesday morning, the contracting parties being Miss Margaret Corcoran, daughter of Mr. Daniel Corcoran, and Mr. Frederick Schroeder. The bride wore a handsome dress of white crepe de chene; Princess style, with trimmings of Princess lace, and a large white picture hat to match. She was attended by Miss Katherine Greene as bridesmaid. She wore a dress of corn colored silk with Irish point lace and a large white picture hat. Rev. Dr. Dorran officiated. The ceremony was witnessed by a small gathering of relatives.

**Recent Deaths.**

**John H. Stacy.**

Mr. John H. Stacy died at his residence on North Baptist street on Thursday after a long illness, death being due to a complication of diseases. He was well known throughout the city, having been a member of many organizations. He served in the Civil War as a member of the Ninth Rhode Island Volunteers and afterward joined General G. K. Warren Post, G. A. R. He was for many years a member and officer of the Newport Artillery Company. He was several times elected city sealer of weights and measures, and was for some years a member of the fire department, being connected with Hook and Ladder Company No. 1. He was also a member of Weenat Shaslet Tribe of Red Men.

A few years ago he married Miss Harriet Mumford who survives him.

**John Dailey.**

Mr. John Dailey died at his home on Annandale road Thursday evening at an advanced age. He was a stone mason by trade and was well known throughout the city. He was a member of St. Mary's Parish, being one of the original members. He was highly respected by his many friends. One son, John Dailey, survives him; also a brother, Dennis Dailey.

Invitations are issued for the marriage of Miss Bertha May Mumford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Mumford, to Dr. Henry Harold Luther, at St. George's Church, Wednesday evening, October 17, at 6:30 o'clock. A reception will follow the ceremony at the future home of the couple at 66 Touro street.

The case of F. J. Buzzele against the Newport Amusement Association will not be heard in the District Court as it has been certified direct to the Superior Court where a jury trial can be had. The amount asked is \$500. City Solicitor J. Stacy Brown has been retained by the defense.

Mrs. John J. Sullivan expired while sitting in the doorway of her home on Callender avenue on Tuesday. She had not been in the best of health for a long time. The medical examiner pronounced death due to heart failure.

Past Department Commander Andrew K. McMahon and Junior Vice Department Commander William O. Milne were in East Providence Thursday attending the funeral of Past Department Commander David S. Ray.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Peckham and Miss Etta Peckham have returned from North Woodstock, N. H.

Mrs. Aurel Batonyi is at her farm in Middletown.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Laine and their party from Middletown have returned from their visit to the White Mountains.

**Middletown.**

**SPECIAL COURT OF PROBATE.**—A special session of the Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The session was appointed for the consideration of a large claim against the estate of the late Thomas J. Emery, of Robert P. Bowler and Richard W. Hale, Trustees. The claimants are represented by Richard W. Hale, an attorney of the City of Boston, and the Emery estate by Herbert Jenney and Drauson Walslu, of Cincinnati. The attorneys on both sides asked for a continuance and the matter was referred to the third Monday of November. There being no other business for the Court of Probate to consider, a session of the Town Council was held and the following business transacted.

Phillip Caswell was appointed a Committee to confer with the State Board of Public Roads and take all necessary steps to make the entrance from the West Main road into Maple Avenue safe and convenient, building a culvert or laying an iron pipe if required. William H. Mayer was notified to take up and relay his bridges in the East Main road which now impede the passage of the water. Notice was directed to issue to the Newport and Providence Railway Company to give a bond of indemnity to the town with sufficient surety in the sum of \$10,000.00.

William S. Caswell, Surveyor of Road District No. 2, was directed to expend not exceeding \$800.00 in constructing a stone road led in the highway known as Wyatt road, opposite the Methodist Church. William G. Brown, Surveyor of Road District No. 4, was directed to expend a like amount in improving a section of Mitchell's lane opposite lands of Abram A. Brown and Dennis Murphy.

Abraham Solomon was granted a wagon license to collect and purchase junk.

**SUBSTANTIAL INCREASE IN RATABLY ESTATE.**—A comparison of the tax assessment of 1906 with that of 1905 shows an increase of \$70,250.00 in the value of real estate and a gain of \$40,000.00 in personal property, making a total gain of \$110,250.00 in ratable property.

The total assessed value of real estate is \$2,498,925.00, of personal estate is \$700,400.00. Total, \$3,208,325.00.

The following list shows what persons and estates are taxed for \$20,000.00 and upwards.

Caswell, Philip	\$95,000
Clark, Samuel Wood	65,000
Perry, Mary E.	65,000
Emery, Mary M.	67,000
Coggshall, David, deceased and	73,000
Newport Water Works	106,000
Bancroft, John C., Estate of	124,000
Hazard, Joseph	124,000
Hall, M. Jella	124,000
Smith, Howard, Heirs of and others	146,000
St. George's School	146,000
Davis, Julien T. and Alice M., deceased	147,000
Willard, Elisha W., Estate of	147,000
Hunter, Edith N.	150,000
Bailey, William	150,000
Commonwealth of Newport and Providence	150,000
Railway	183,000
Peckham, Lydia E.	183,000
Kimber, John S.	183,000
Andrews, Maria E.	212,000
Joseph, Lydia G.	212,000
Leila Bunt, Marie L.	212,000
Old Colony and Newport Railroad Co.	233,000
Arnold, Edmund K., Trustee	27,500
Sturges, Frank K.	28,000
Bali, William T.	28,000
Murphy, Patrick J.	28,000
Burrier, Isaac, Estate of	21,500
Ward, John B., Estate of	24,500
Brownell, Harriet F.	24,000
Hall, Alvyn, Jr.	22,000
Hatch, James D.	22,000
Batonyi, Aurel	20,500
Hall, Edward H.	20,500
Company, Newport and Fall River	20,000
Street Railway	20,000
Mayer, Alice F.	20,000

Thursday evening of next week will be devoted to the "Charter Members" at the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange and an interesting meeting is expected. This Grange was formed in 1893.

The Republican caucus will be held in the town hall Monday evening, Oct. 8th, at 7:30 o'clock, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State and Congressional Conventions and a town committee, also to nominate a Senator and Representative.

Dr. and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Sr., expect to sail for Europe the sixteenth of this month. They will spend about six weeks in travelling, visiting London and Paris, after which they will go to Germany, where Mrs. Sweet will spend the remainder of the winter with Mrs. Joseph S. Allan, the latter having been in Germany since last May. Dr. Sweet will remain abroad about two months.

Ordinance Sergeant and Mrs. Thomas H. Lawton celebrated the 52d anniversary of their marriage on Friday at their residence on Broadway. Their two sons, Messrs. Thomas R. Lawton of Fitchburg, Mass., and S. Howard Lawton of Providence, were present at the celebration with their families.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Hazel Temple Read, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clark Read, of New York, to Rev. James Austin Richards, pastor of the United Congregational Church of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus McLeod have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Christine McLeod, to Mr. Edward Gould Chase, at No. 10 Rhode Island avenue, Wednesday, October 17th, at noon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Audrain have returned from abroad, where they spent the summer, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Rooney.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown and family spent last Sunday at the Mount Pleasant House, White Mountains.

Dr. Frederick Bradley and Miss Emily Bradley have returned from Bethlehem, N. H.



# The Holladay Case

A Mystery  
Of Two  
Continents

By  
BURTON E.  
STEVENSON

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## CHAPTER I.

THE atmosphere of the office that morning was a shade less genial than usual. We had all of us fought our way downtown through such a storm of wind, snow, sleet and sleet as is to be found nowhere save in mid-March New York, and our tempers had suffered accordingly. I had found a cab unobtainable, and there was, of course, the inevitable jam on the elevated, with the trains many minutes behind the schedule. I was some half hour late in consequence, and when I entered the inner office I was surprised to find Mr. Graham, our senior, already at his desk. He nodded good morning a little curtly.

"I wish you'd look over these papers in the Hurd case, Lester," he said, and pushed them toward me. I took them and sat down, and just then the outer door slammed with a violence extremely unusual.

I had never seen Mr. Royce, our junior, so deeply shaken, so visibly distracted, as he was when he burst in upon us a moment later, a newspaper in his hand. Mr. Graham, startled by the noise of his entrance, wheeled around from his desk and stared at him in astonishment.

"Why, upon my word, John," he began, "you look all done up. What's the matter?"

"Matter enough, sir," and Mr. Royce spread out the paper on the desk before him. "You can't see in the morning papers of course. Well, look at that!" and he indicated with a trembling finger the article which occupied the first column of the first page, the place of honor.

I saw a sudden face change as he read the article, and he seemed positively horror-stricken as he ran rapidly through the story which followed.

"Why, this is the most remarkable thing I ever read!" he burst out at last. "Remarkable!" cried the other. "Why, it's an outrage, sir! The idea that a gentle, cultured girl like Frances Holladay would deliberately murder her own father, strike him down in cold blood, is too monstrous, too absolutely preposterous, too—too—!" And he stopped, fairly choked by his emotion. The words brought me upright in my chair. Frances Holladay accused of—Well, no wonder our junior was upset!

But Mr. Graham was reading through the article again more carefully, and, while he nodded sympathetically to show that he fully assented to the other's words, a straight, deep line of perplexity, which I had come to recognize, formed between his eyebrows.

"Plainly," he said at last, "the whole case hinges on the evidence of this man Rogers, Holladay's confidential clerk, and from what I know of Rogers I should say that he'd be the last man in the world to make a willful misstatement. He says that Miss Holladay entered her father's office late yesterday afternoon, stayed there ten minutes and then came out hurriedly. A few minutes later Rogers went into the office and found his employer dead. That's the whole case, but it'll be a hard one to break."

"Well, it must be broken!" retorted the other, pulling himself together with a supreme effort. "Of course I'll take the case."

"Of course!" "Miss Holladay probably sent for me last night, but I was out at Babylon, you know, looking up that witness in the Hurd affair. He'll be all right, and his evidence will give us the case. Our answer in the Brown injunction can wait till tomorrow. That's all, I think."

The chief nodded. "Yes, I see the inquest is to begin at 10 o'clock. You haven't much time."

"No, I'd like to have a good man with me," and he glanced in my direction. "Can you spare me Lester?"

"My heart gave a jump. It was just the question I was hoping he would ask."

"Why, yes, of course," answered the chief readily. "In a case like this, certainly. Let me hear from you in the course of the day."

Mr. Royce nodded as he started for the door.

"I will. We'll find some flaw in that fellow's story, depend upon it. Come on, Lester."

I snatched up pen and paper and followed him to the elevator. In a moment we were in the street. There were cabs in plenty now, disgorging their loads and starting back uptown again. We hailed one, and in another moment were rattling along toward our destination with such speed as the storm permitted. There were many questions surging through my brain to which I should have welcomed an answer. The storm had cut off my paper that morning, and I regretted now that I had not made a more determined effort to get another. A glance at my companion showed me the folly of attempting to secure any information from him, so I contented myself with reviewing what I already knew of the history of the principals.

I knew William W. Holladay, the murdered man, quite well, not only as every New Yorker knew that multifarious as one of the most successful operators in Wall street, but personally as well, since he had been a client of Graham & Royce for twenty years and more. He was at that time well on toward seventy years of age, I should say, though he carried his years remarkably well. His wife had been long dead, and he had only one child, his daughter Frances, who must have been about twenty-five. She had been born abroad and had spent the first years of her life there with her mother,

er, who had lingered on the Riviera and among the hills of Italy and Switzerland in the hope of regaining a health which had been failing, so I understood, ever since her daughter's birth. She had come home at last, bringing the black-eyed child with her, and within the year, was dead.

Holladay's affections from that moment seemed to grow and center about his daughter, who developed into a tall and beautiful girl—too beautiful, as was soon apparent, for our junior partner's peace of mind. He had met her first in a business way, and afterward socially, and all of us who had eyes could see how he was eating his heart out at the knowledge that she was far beyond his reach, for it was evident that her father deemed her worthy of a brilliant marriage—as indeed she was. I sometimes thought that she held herself at a like value, for though there was about her a constant crowd of suitors none of them seemingly could win an atom of encouragement. She was waiting, I told myself, waiting; and I had even pictured to myself the grim irony of a situation in which our junior might be called upon to arrange her marriage settlements.

The cab stopped with a jolt, and I looked up to see that we had reached the Criminal Courts building. Mr. Royce sprang out, paid the driver and ran up the steps to the door. I followed him. He turned down the corridor to the right and entered the room at the end of it, which I recognized as the office of Coroner Goldberg. A considerable crowd had already collected there.

"Has the coroner arrived yet?" my companion asked one of the clerks.

"Yes, sir; he's in his private office."

"Will you take him this card and say that I'd like to see him at once, if possible?"

The clerk hurried away with the card. He was back again in a moment.

"This way, sir," he called.

We followed him across the room and through a door at the further side.

"Ah, Mr. Royce, glad to see you," cried the coroner as we entered. "We tried to find you last night, but learned that you were out of town, and I was just calling up your office again."

"Miss Holladay asked for me, then?"

"Yes, at once. When we found we couldn't get you, we suggested your senior, but she said she'd wait till you returned."

I could see our junior's face crimson with pleasure.

"You didn't think it necessary to confine her, I trust?" he asked.

"Oh, no. She wasn't disturbed. She spent the night at home—under surveillance."

"That was right. Of course it's simply absurd to suspect her."

Goldberg looked at him curiously.

"I don't know, Mr. Royce," he said slowly. "If the evidence turns out as



"I'm glad to see you!" she cried.

I think it will, I shall have to hold her—the district attorney expects it."

Mr. Royce's hands were clenching a chair back, and they trembled a little at the coroner's words.

"He'll be present at the examination, then?" he asked.

"Yes; he's waiting for him. You see, it's rather an extraordinary case."

"Is it?"

"We think so, anyway," said the coroner, just a trifle impatiently.

I could see the retort which sprang to our junior's lips, but he choked it back. There was no use offending Goldberg.

"I should like to see Miss Holladay before the examination begins," he said. "Is she present?"

"She's in the next room, yes. You shall see her, certainly, at once. Julius, take Mr. Royce to Miss Holladay," he added to the clerk.

I can see her yet, rising from her chair with face alight, as we entered, and I saw instantly how I had misjudged her. She came a step toward us, holding out her hands impulsively, then, with an effort, controlled herself and clasped them before her.

"Oh, but I'm glad to see you!" she cried in a voice so low I could scarcely hear it. "I've wanted you so much!"

"It was my great misfortune that I could come no sooner," said my chief, his voice trembling a little despite himself. "I—I seriously expected to see you here with me one day."

"Oh," she interrupted, "there was no one I cared to have. My friends have been very kind—have offered to do any thing—but I felt that I wanted to be

just alone and think. I should have liked to have my maid, but—"

"She's one of the witnesses, I suppose," explained Mr. Royce. "Well, now that I'm here, I shall stay until I've proved how utterly ridiculous this charge against you is."

She sank back into her chair and looked up at him with dark, appealing eyes.

"You think you can?" she asked.

"Can! Certainly I can! Why, it's too preposterous to stand for a moment! We've only to prove an alibi—to show that you were somewhere else, you know, at the time the crime was committed—and the whole business falls to pieces in an instant. You can do that easily, can't you?"

The color had gone from her cheeks again, and she buried her face in her hands.

"I don't know," she murmured indistinctly. "I must think. Oh, don't let it come to that!"

I was puzzled, confounded. With her good name, her life perhaps, in the balance, she wanted time to think! I could see that my chief was astonished too.

"I'll try to keep it from coming to that, since you wish it," he said slowly. "I'll not be able to call you, then, to testify in your own behalf—and that always hurts—but I hope the case will break down at once. I believe it will. At any rate, don't worry. I want you to rely on me."

She looked up at him again, smiling. "I shall," she murmured softly. "I'm sure I could desire no better champion!"

Well, plainly, if he won this case he would win something else besides. I think even the policeman in the corner saw it, for he turned away with a discretion rare in policemen and pretended to stare out of the window.

I don't know what my chief would have said. His lips were trembling so he could not speak for the moment, and just then there came a tap at the door, and the coroner's clerk looked in.

"We're ready to begin, sir," he said.

"Very well," cried Mr. Royce. "I'll come at once. Goodbye for the moment, Miss Holladay. I repeat, you may rely on me."

He turned on his heel and he hastened from the room as confidently as though she had glided him for the battle. Instead, I told myself, she had bound him hand and foot before casting him down into the arena.

## CHAPTER II.

THE outer room was crowded from end to end and the atmosphere reeked with unpleasant dampness. Only behind the little railing before the coroner's desk was there breathing space, and we sank into our seats at the table there with a sigh of relief.

One never realizes how many newspapers there are in New York until one attends an important criminal case—that brings their people out in droves and swarms. The reporters took up most of the space in this small room. Paper and pencils were everywhere in evidence, and in one corner there was a man with a camera stationed, determined, I suppose, to get a photograph of our client should she be called to the stand, since none could be obtained in any other way.

I saw Singleton, the district attorney, come in and sit down near the coroner, and then the jury filed in from their room and took their seats. I examined them, man by man, with some little anxiety, but they all seemed intelligent and fairly well to do. Mr. Royce was looking over their names, and he checked them off carefully as the clerk called the roll. Then he handed the list up to the coroner with a little nod.

"Go ahead," he said. "They're all right I guess—they look all right."

"It's a good jury," replied the coroner as he took the paper. "Better than usual. Are you ready, Mr. Singleton?"

"Yes," said the district attorney. "Oh, wait a minute," he added, and he got up and came down to our table.

"You're going to put Miss Holladay on the stand, I suppose?"

"And expose her to all this?" And our junior looked around the room.

"Not if I can help it!"

"I don't see how you can help it. An alibi's the only thing that can save her from being bound over."

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," retorted Mr. Royce. "I think the case against her will soon file of limitation."

"Oh, very well," and Singleton abruptly went back to his desk, biting his mustache thoughtfully. He had made something of a reputation, since his election a year before, as a solver of abstruse criminal problems and had secured a conviction in two or three capital cases which had threatened for a time to baffle the police. He evidently scented something of the same kind here or he would have intrusted the case to one of his assistants. It might be added that, while his successes had made him immensely popular with the multitude, there had been about one or two of them a hint of unprofessional conduct, which had made his brethren of the bar look rather askance at him.

He nodded to the coroner after a moment, the room was called to order and the first witness summoned.

It was Rogers, the confidential clerk. I knew Rogers, of course; had talked with him often in a business way and had the highest respect for him. He had been with Mr. Holladay much longer than I had been with Graham & Royce and had, as Mr. Graham had pointed out, an unimpeachable reputation.

There were the usual preliminaries—name, age, residence, and so on, Coroner Goldberg asking the questions. He was a really good cross examiner and soon came to the core of the matter.

"What is the position of your desk in Mr. Holladay's office?" he asked.

"There is an outer office for the clerks; opening from that a smaller room, where my desk is placed. Opening from my room was Mr. Holladay's private office."

"Had Mr. Holladay's office any other door?"

"No, sir."

"Could entrance be had by the window?"

"The windows open on the street

side of the building. We occupy a part of the eighth floor."

"The fire escape?"

"Are at the back of the building—there are none on the street side—nothing but a sheer wall."

"So that any one entering or leaving the private office must necessarily pass by your desk?"

"Necessarily, yes, sir."

"Could any one pass without your seeing him?"

"No, sir; that would be quite impossible."

The coroner leaned back in his chair. There was one point settled.

"Now, Mr. Rogers," he said, "will you kindly tell us, in your own way and with as much detail as possible, exactly what happened at your office shortly before 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon?"

I could see that Rogers was deeply moved. His face was very white, he moistened his lips nervously from time to time, and his hands grasped convulsively the arms of his chair. Plainly the task before him was far from an agreeable one.

"Well, sir," he began, "we had a very busy day yesterday and were at the office considerably later than usual, but by 5 o'clock we had closed up work for the day, and all the other clerks, with the exception of the office boy, had gone home. I had made some notes from Mr. Holladay's dictation and had returned to my desk to arrange them when the outer door opened, and Mr. Holladay's daughter came in. She asked me whether her father was engaged, and on my saying no opened the inner door and entered his office. She remained, I should think, about ten minutes, then she came out again, walked rapidly past without looking at me and, I suppose, left the building. I finished arranging my notes and then entered Mr. Holladay's office to ask if he had any further instructions for me, and I found him lying forward on his desk with a knife sticking in his neck and the blood spurting out. I summoned aid, but he died without regaining consciousness. I should say he was practically dead when I found him."

I felt rather than heard the little stir which ran through the room. There was an indelible horror in the story and in the conclusion to which it inevitably led.

"Now, let us go back a moment," said the coroner as Rogers stopped and mopped his forehead feverishly. "I want the jury to understand your story thoroughly. Mr. Holladay had been dictating to you?"

"Yes."

"And was quite well?"

"Yes; as well as usual. He'd been suffering with indigestion for some time past."

"Still he was able to attend to business?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There was nothing at all serious in his illness."

"You then left his office and returned to your own. How long had you been there before the outer door opened?"

"Not over five minutes."

"And who was it entered?"

"Miss Frances Holladay, the daughter of my employer."

"You're quite sure? You know her well?"

"Very well; I've known her for many years. She often drove to the office in the evening to take her father home. I supposed that was what she came for yesterday."

"You looked at her attentively?"

Rogers hitched impatiently in his chair.

"I glanced at her as I always do," he said. "I didn't stare."

"But you're quite sure it was Miss Holladay?"

"Absolutely sure, sir. Do you suppose I'd make an assertion like that if I wasn't absolutely sure?"

"No," said the coroner soothingly. "No, I don't suppose any such thing. Not for a moment, Mr. Rogers, only I want the jury to see how certain the identification is. Shall I proceed?"

"Go ahead, sir," said Rogers. "I'll try to hold myself together a little better, sir."

"I can see what a strain this is for you," said the coroner kindly. "And I'll spare you as much as I can. Now, after Miss Holladay entered the inner office, how long did she remain there?"

"About ten minutes, I should say. Not longer than that, certainly."

"Did you hear any sound of conversation or any unusual noise of any kind?"

"No, sir. It would have been a very unusual noise to be audible. Mr. Holladay's office has heavy walls and a double door which completely shut off all sounds from within."

"Miss Holladay then came out?"

"Yes, sir."

"And walked past you?"

"Yes, sir; walked past me rapidly."

"Did you not think that peculiar?"

"Why, sir, she didn't often stop to speak to me. I was busy, and so thought nothing particularly about it."

"Did you notice her face? Did she seem perturbed?"

"No, sir; I didn't notice. I just glanced up and bowed. In fact, I didn't see her face at all, for she had lowered her veil."

"Her veil?" repeated the coroner. "You hadn't mentioned that she wore a veil."

"No, sir; when she came into the office she had lifted it up over her hat brim—you know how women do."

"Yes—so you saw her face distinctly when she entered?"

"Yes, sir."

"But when she went out she had lowered her veil. Was it a heavy one?"

"Why, sir," the witness hesitated, "just an ordinary veil, I should say."

"But still heavy enough to conceal her face?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

The coroner nodded. "Now, Mr. Rogers, how long a time elapsed after the departure of the woman before you went back into the inner office?"

"Not more than three or four minutes. I thought perhaps Mr. Holladay was getting ready to accompany his daughter, and I didn't wish to detain him."

"And you found him, as you say, lying forward across his desk with a knife in his throat and the blood spurting out. Did you recognize the knife?"

"Yes, sir. It was his knife—a knife he kept lying on his desk to sharpen

pencils with and state and so on."

"Sharp, was it?"

"It had one long blade, very sharp, sir."

The coroner picked up a knife that was lying on the desk before him. "Is this the knife?" he asked.

Rogers looked at it carefully.

"That's the knife, sir," he said, and it was passed to the jury. When they had finished with it, Mr. Royce and I examined it. It was an ordinary one-bladed carving knife with ivory handle, about two inches and a half in length, and, as I soon counted myself, very sharp indeed.

"Will you describe Mr. Holladay's position?" continued the coroner.

"He was lying forward on the desk, with his arms outstretched and his head to one side."

"And there was a great deal of blood?"

"Oh, a great deal! Some one apparently had attempted to check it, for a little distance away there was a handkerchief soaked in blood."

The coroner picked up a handkerchief and handed it to the witness.

"Is that the handkerchief?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Rogers, after a moment.

"Is it a man's or a woman's handkerchief?"

"Oh, a woman's, undoubtedly!"

The jury examined it, and so did we. It was a small square of fine cambric, with no mark that I could see, soaked through and through with blood— unquestionably a woman's handkerchief. Then Rogers told the rest of the story—how he had summoned aid and informed the police.

"Now, Mr. Rogers," said the coroner, when he had finished, "there is one point more. Has there been anything in your knowledge of Mr. Holladay or his business to suggest the idea of suicide?"

"The witness shook his head decidedly."

"Nothing whatever, sir," he said positively. "His business was prospering, he was happy and contented—why, he was planning for a trip abroad with his daughter."

"Let us suppose, for a moment," continued Goldberg, "that he did actually stab himself in his daughter's presence. What would you naturally expect her to do?"

"I should expect her to give the alarm—to summon aid," replied Rogers.

"Certainly—unquestionably." And Goldberg nodded to my chief. "I turn the witness over to you, Mr. Royce," he said.

"Now, Mr. Rogers," began our junior impressively, "you know, of course, that this whole case hinges at present on your identification of the woman who, presumably, was in Mr. Holladay's office when he was stabbed. I want to be very sure of that identification. Will you tell me how she was dressed?"

The witness paused for a moment's thought.

"She wore a dress of very dark red," he said at last, "with some sort of narrow, dark trimming—black, possibly. That's all I can tell you about it."

"And the hat?"

"I didn't notice the hat, sir. I only glanced at her."

"But in that glance, Mr. Rogers, did you see nothing unusual, nothing which suggested to your mind that possibly it might not be Miss Holladay?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Some change of demeanor, perhaps; of expression?"

The witness hesitated.

"I thought she was looking not quite so well as usual," he said slowly. "She seemed a little pale and worried."

"Ah! It was dark in the office, was it not, at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon?"

"We had turned on the lights half an hour before, sir."

"Is your office well lighted?"

"I have a light over my desk, sir, and there's another on the wall."

"So you could not see your visitor's face with absolute clearness?"

"No, sir, but quite clearly enough to recognize her," he added doggedly.

"Yet you thought her looking pale and worried?"

"Yes, sir; that was my impression."

"And when she asked for Mr. Holladay did she use the words 'my father,' as your evidence would suggest?"

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## TO SNUFF VOLCANOES.

## Startling Discovery Made by An Australian.

Volcanoes can easily be extinguished, says the New York Herald. A New Zealand man claims (and there are many who agree with him) to have discovered a liquid by means of which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly whether active or threatening.

Many diseases of the human body act in the same manner as volcanoes. Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Disorders, Female Diseases and many others all begin with a slight rumble of pain and distress, and if not treated in time will burst forth in all their fury, causing all who are so afflicted the most intense suffering and making life a complete burden.

That a liquid has been discovered that will extinguish these volcanic eruptions of disease, whether active or threatening, is not only certain but a material fact.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY in this liquid discovery. THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE powers of this famous remedy have cut a new path through the field of medicine, sweeping with it a startling record of tremendous success.

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Sample bottle, enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rensselaer, N. Y.

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Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spread over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and cure follows. It is not dry, it does not produce sneezing. Large size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial size, 10 cents by mail.

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## MADE FUN OF PHARAOH.

The Ancients Evidently Had a Keen Sense of Humor.

The fables of Aesop prove that the ancients were not without a liking for fun, and the remains of ancient art tell the same story. Examples of artistic humor are more common than is supposed by most persons.

A drawing on a tile in the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, represents a cat dressed as an Egyptian lady of fashion. She is seated languidly in a chair, sipping wine out of a small bowl and being fanned and offeredainties by an abject looking toment, his tail between his legs.

The cat figures largely in the ancient comic groups of animal life. In a papyrus in the British museum a flock of geese are being driven by a cat and a herd of goats by two wolves with crooks and wallets. One of the wolves is playing a double pipe.

There is in the museum of Turin a papyrus roll which displays a whole series of such comic scenes. In the first place a lion, a crocodile and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes an ass, dressed, armed and sceptered like a pharaoh. With majestic swagger he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to which a bull acts as proud conductor.

Another picture shows pharaoh in the shape of a rat, drawn in a carriage by prancing greyhounds. He is proceeding to storm a fort garrisoned by cats having no arms but teeth and claws, whereas the rats have battle axes and bows and arrows.

## SLEEP AND DIET.

Without Slumber Digestion and Assimilation Are Imperfect.

One of the most important functions of that mysterious physical condition we term sleep is so little understood that persons who cheat themselves habitually out of two or three hours of their natural rest every night are heard wondering at the same time why they are affected with dyspepsia and malnutrition. Care, even rigor, in the matter of diet seems to avail nothing, the stomach continuing in a condition of chronic revolt.

In reality the processes of digestion and assimilation are so closely interwoven with slumber that unless the required amount of sleep is taken it is impossible for the body to be nourished, if, indeed, the food undergoes the ordinary digestive changes.

It is only when the brain and the entire nervous system are practically off duty that the processes of ultimate nutrition take place. The food eaten is slowly assimilated and transformed into new tissues, into blood, muscle, nerves and brain, only while the body is relaxed in slumber.

A curious illustration of this necessity of sleep is that furnished by the six day endurance races. One man engaged in these deadly tests eats five times as much as a man on ordinary labor could cram down. Want of sleep has rendered it impossible for even the enormous amount of food taken at this time into the body to form new tissue. —Philadelphia Press.

## THE HOLLADAY CASE.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

stepped down, still trembling from the effects of his last outburst. I confess that, for my part, I thought we were very deep in the mire.

The office boy was called next, but added nothing to the story. He had gone to the chute to mail some letters. The woman must have entered the office while he was away. He saw her come out again, but, of course, did not see her face. He had been employed recently and did not know Miss Holladay.

Then the physicians who had attended the dead man were called and testified that the knife blade had penetrated the left carotid artery and that he had bled to death—was dead, indeed, before they reached him. It would take perhaps ten minutes to produce such an effusion of blood as Rogers had noticed, certainly more than five minutes, so that the blow must have been struck before the woman left the inner office.

The policeman who had responded to the alarm testified that he had examined the windows and that they were both bolted on the inside, precluding the possibility of any one swinging down from above or clambering up from below. Nothing in the office had been disturbed. There was other evidence of an immaterial nature, and then Miss Holladay's maid was called.

"Was your mistress away from home yesterday afternoon?" asked the coroner.

"Yes, sir. She had the carriage ordered for 3 o'clock. She was driven away shortly after that."

"And what time did she return?"

"About 6, sir. Just in time to dress for dinner."

"Did you notice anything unusual in her demeanor when she returned?"

The maid hesitated, fearing doubtless that she might say too much.

"Miss Holladay had complained of a headache in the morning," she said, after a moment. "She was looking bad when she went out, and the drive made her worse instead of better. She seemed very nervous and ill. I advised her to lie down and not dress for dinner, but she would not listen. She always dined with her father and did not wish to disappoint him. She was in a great hurry, fearing that he'd get back before she was ready."

"There's no doubt in your mind that she was really expecting him?"

"Oh, no, sir! She even went to the door to look for him when he did not come. She seemed very uneasy about him."

That was one point in our favor certainly.

"And when the news of her father's death reached her how did she bear it?"

"She didn't bear it at all, sir," answered the maid, catching her breath to choke back a sob. "She fainted dead away. Afterward she seemed to be in a kind of daze till the doctor came."

"That is all. Have you any questions to ask the witness, Mr. Royce?"

"Only one," said my chief, leaning forward. I knew what it was and held my breath, wondering whether it were wise to ask it. "Do you remember the gown your mistress wore yesterday afternoon?" he questioned.

"Oh, yes, sir!" And the witness brightened. "It was a dark red broadcloth, made very plain, with only a little narrow black braid for trimming."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A Hundred Course Dinner.

At a dinner given by the late Prince Ratibor there were a hundred courses. The chefs of the prince were solemnly chosen after the greatest deliberation and cross examination. On one special occasion it was announced that he was in need of a cook, and ten of the best chefs duly presented themselves for the coveted post. They were informed by the prince that each must serve a dinner of his own choice and cooking, consisting of ten courses, to be served the same evening to a jury of the best gastronomes in Paris, who would eat of each different dish and then pass judgment. This programme was carried out and the palm awarded to a Frenchman who had been chef for many years to the Baron Hausmann. A trip to Marienbad by the whole of the jury was the sequel to this famous dinner of 100 courses.—London Tit-Bits.

## Don't Worry! Smile.

Centenarians give various reasons to which they ascribe their longevity, but it is significant that they all agree on the advantage of plenty of work and little worry in aiding length of life. The advice lately given by a woman over a hundred is worth considering, as she advises one to eat when hungry, sleep when sleepy, with plenty of sleep, to work constantly, keep cheerful and avoid worry. This puts in a few words the doctrine of the simple life, and her conclusion is worthy of an ancient sage when she says that if these rules will not produce health and long life there is bad blood in the family and it had better die out.—Baltimore American.

## Charging Was in His Line.

A party of gentlemen sitting on the veranda of a leading hotel at Jackson, N. H., fell into an amiable discussion of their delightful host, who bore high military title and who won his military spurs on the staff of a New Hampshire governor. One of them asked, "Did he get his title from service in the defense of his country?" And the reply, from a retired army officer was, "He must have, for he has not forgotten how to charge."

## Mother Love.

Friend—I am afraid your husband has a bad cold; he's continually sneezing. It's quite painful to hear him. Why don't you ask a doctor to see him? Marston—Well, I'm waiting just a few days, because it amuses baby so to see his father sneeze.—Bon Vivant.

The way to fill a large sphere is to glorify a small one. There is no large sphere; you are your sphere.—Edward Franklin.

## THE YELLOW PERIL.

New Supremacy of the Chinese May Come to Pass.

Will the Chinese some day become the ruling nation of the earth? George Borrow, the English philologist, traveler and author, used to say that they would. Nearly fifty years ago, when he was studying their language, he maintained that there was among them the finest natural fighting material on the face of the earth.

He insisted in proof of his assertion their prowess in stone throwing, the most primitive form of marksmanship. An ordinary Chinaman, he said, could throw a stone weighing half a pound or more a distance of 120 yards with sure aim and deadly effect. He described a stone fight between some English bluejackets and an equal number of Chinamen in which the former were most ignominiously routed, many of them very badly hurt.

But it was not through their martial prowess that he predicted the supremacy of the Chinese. He said it would come about in another way. As western civilization became more luxurious and enervated and manual labor fell into contempt the Chinese would gradually supply all the workers in civilized countries—miners, farm laborers, factory hands, laundrymen, cooks, domestic servants would all eventually be Celestials. Then some day they would rise suddenly, cut the throats of their masters and become absolute rulers of the destinies of the world.—Chicago News.

## THE FRENCH MEAL.

Its Greatest Charm Is the Cheerful Table Talk.

After all, excellent as are the dishes and the order and manner of their service, the table talk is perhaps the chief glory of the French meal.

It is no unusual thing to hear our countrymen and countrywomen, especially our countrywomen, refer to eating as a necessary evil, like the prescribed dose of noxious medicine; as an altogether bothersome business to be disposed of as quickly as possible, with an air that is sour, aggressive, disgusted, languid, patronizing, dreamy, whining or discouraged, according as it springs from dyspepsia, puritanism, interrupted hustling anaemia, affectation, esthetic philosophy, disappointment in love, or honest weariness with a hard and monotonous daily round.

Such a sentiment would scarcely be uttered in France, where the attitude toward the table is universally cordial and respectful, and it could not be taken seriously if it were.

The French writer who said, "The table is the sole place where one is never bored during the first hour," voiced perfectly a national feeling.—Smart Set.

## When the Earth Was Top Shaped.

After people dropped the old fashioned idea that the earth was as flat as a pancake they did not immediately grasp the globe or spherical idea as it is applied to worlds. The people of the time of Columbus believed that the earth was a body shaped like a top or cone, the surface rising from the north to the south. There are several letters written by Columbus and still in existence which go to prove that such was his conception of the shape of the earth. The top shaped idea of the earth seems to have originated with one John Blauris about 1479 and to have immediately become very popular.

## The Press Gang.

Desperate means were sometimes resorted to in order to get men for British warships. A chronicler writes that in the year 1738, "a fleet of ships being required immediately to be manned, the press gangs placed a live turkey on the top of the monument, which, drawing together a great number of idle people, they had the opportunity of selecting as many men as answered the purpose of their intended scheme." The scene so enraged a citizen that he fired a shot at the bird, "which occasioned it to fly away." But the mischief had been done.

## An Odd Argument.

Here is a knotty problem suggested by Sir Henry Roscoe in his autobiography. Two men argued as to whether oil or water were the lighter. The first man contended that the oil must be lighter, as it floats upon water. And then the unscientific man triumphed with the argument that oil must be the heavier because it keeps the water down.

## Libeled London.

When the most has been said against London smoke and London fog, against the dirt laden atmosphere and the noise and worry of the metropolis, it is still true that there are healthy people in the capital. London has not perhaps deserved all the hard things that have been said of it.—London Country Gentleman.

## Qualified.

Baron—You have called to secure the position of porter? Applicant—Yes, sir. Baron—Was there not some one in the autometer as you came in? Applicant—There was, sir. There was a man with a bill against you, Herr Baron, but I threw him out.—Fliegende Blätter.

## Its Purport.

"What does that expert witness' evidence go to show?" inquired the man who was trying to understand the trial. "It goes to show which side has paid him a retainer," answered the lawyer.—Washington Star.

## Living on Love and Kisses.

She—That's all very pretty, Jack, but do you think we can live on love and kisses? He—It's much the safest. Everything else is either adulterated or poisoned or tainted.—Exchange.

## How the World Pays.

Knecker—I think the world owes every man a living. Bocker—Perhaps, but he has to take it out in trade.—New York Sun.

Shame may retain what the law does not prohibit.—Seneca.

## DECAPITATION.

The Theory of Sensation After the Head Is Severed.

Half a dozen physicians were talking of death. It isn't a subject usually chosen by physicians for discussion, but these were discussing it. However, it was not altogether physical death. They were including the hereafter.

"Well," said one, "I don't know whether there is to be a hereafter or not, and it doesn't trouble me very much, because I'll take chances on it if I can make the life I live before it the kind of life a man ought to live. But there is one thing about it that makes me hope there will be another life, and that is the opportunity I shall have of asking some of the people who have had their heads cut off if there was any sensation for a few minutes succeeding decapitation. I believe now that there is, and that life remains long enough for the decapitated person to realize that he has lost his head, or, rather, that he has lost his body, because the head is the center of thought, and, of course, it is the body that is lost, not the head. At least that is the way a man with his head off would be bound to think of it. I fancy there is no pain, because that would require some time, and if life exists at all after decapitation it would not be long enough to realize the sensation of pain. It must be a very queer sort of feeling, and, as I say, I hope there is a life hereafter so I may have a chance to find out a few facts not otherwise obtainable."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## SAN SALVADOR.

Built on a Volcano, the Results Are Some What Startling.

San Salvador is built on a volcano. It has been three times destroyed by an earthquake, but the people are becoming accustomed to such excitement now. Earthquakes are pretty frequent, and while one is naturally nervous, there is really little danger to life. The shocks have been known to come as frequently as eighty times in an hour.

The effects are quite peculiar. In the city is a brick column, nine feet high and three feet square, which was removed a hundred feet without losing its perpendicular or cracking the mortar.

The ground under the city is full of caverns of unknown depth. A man was digging a well there. The last stroke he gave with his pick the bottom fell out, and he and his pick and all fell through, nobody knows where.

There is a volcano not far from San Salvador that some years ago discharged lava over a forest. The wood all caught fire, of course, but the lava, being light and easily cooled, formed and hardened into long arches through which it was possible to walk. Even now the imprint of the trunks and branches of the trees can be seen.

## You Get What You Give.

Man is the artificer of his own happiness. Let him beware how he complains of the disposition of circumstances, for it is his own disposition he blames. If this is sour or that rough or the other steep, let him think if it be not his work. If his looks curdle all hearts, let him not complain of a sour reception. If he hobbles in his gait, let him not grumble at the roughness of the way. If he is weak in the knees, let him not call the hill steep. This was the pill of the inscription on the wall of the Swedish inn: "You will find at Trochate excellent bread, meat and wine, provided you bring them with you."—Thoreau.

## Unexpected Answer.

An eminent lawyer had been interrogating a reporter in his hotel and the reply he got was unexpected, says the Buffalo Inquirer.

"That was an unlocked for answer, truly," he said. "It was like the answer the policeman gave to the good citizen. A good citizen, breathless and excited, ran up to a large, calm policeman one day and cried:

"'Officer, there's a terrible fight going on around the corner to the right.'"

"Thank you, sir. I'll do as much for you some day, sir," said the policeman gratefully, as he took the turning to the left and quickly disappeared."

## The Bird of Death.

In New Guinea there is said to be a venomous bird called the bird of death. It is about the size of a pigeon, with a tail of extraordinary length ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet. It has a sharp, hooked beak and frequents marshes and stagnant pools. The venom with which it inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which lie in the upper mandible, just below the openings of the nostrils. Under them, in the roof of the mouth, is a small fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound.

## The East and the West.

The numerous kinds of west of which the effete east solemnly discourses are enough to bewilder a Philadelphia lawyer. It will assure you that besides "the middle west," a phrase that it employs continually and with evident pleasure, there are an eastern west, a western west, a northern west and a southern west! Yet there is only one east, and hardly enough of that to swear by.—Call.

## Mother Earth's Call.

Force ourselves how we will to lead a strained, unnatural life, we can never get entirely used to it. It is never satisfactory. There is a yearning for the simple life, for the natural life, and, for most of us, country life. We want to feel Mother Earth, to breathe the fresh air, to drink in the beauties of flower, of field, of mountain and of sunset, which never tire or pall upon the mind.—Exchange.

## Good Advice.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, ma'am," replied the polite doorwalker, "if he's a very small man maybe you'd better use both eyes."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## CUNNING ANIMALS.

Those That Feign Death For the Sake of Protection.

The habit of feigning death for the sake of protection can be observed among many of the lower animals—mammals which differ widely in family, genus and species. Indeed, this habit is to be observed in creatures microscopic in size and of exceedingly low organization, as well as in those as high in the scale of animal life as man himself, for even man does not hesitate on occasions to avail himself of this natural subterfuge when he thinks it will aid in the preservation of his life.

With the aid of the microscope one can observe and study the natural history of the minute animal world, which otherwise would remain a closed and unread volume. This instrument has shown me beyond cavil that creatures as low in the scale as actinophryans, very minute, microscopic animalcules, practice death feigning when surprised by an enemy from which they cannot otherwise escape. Thus I have, says a naturalist, repeatedly seen actinophryans fold their delicate, hairlike legs or cilia and sink to the bottom of their miniature lake (a drop of water) when approached by a water louse, which preys upon them. They remain in all appearances absolutely without life until the water louse swims away, when they unfold their cilia and go back to their feeding grounds—a bit of water weed or moss or decayed wood.

## EIGHT DAY CLOCKS.

The Reason They Are Not Made to Run Just a Week.

The French have a fashion of expressing an indefinite but short period of time by the phrase "about eight days." Under similar conditions we would say "about a week." The French method seems unnatural, ours natural, for a week is a distinctly recognized period. We believe there is only one way in which we use the eight day period, and that is in making clocks.

Did it ever occur to you why we have what is called an eight day clock and not one made to run exactly seven days? There is a good reason for it. A clock that is made to run eight days is pretty sure to be wound on a certain day of the week, for it would be almost impossible for any one to remember to wind it on every eighth day. Therefore the interval between windings is seven days, precisely as the maker desired and expected.

The reason is that a clock runs better when it is not allowed to run down, or even nearly so. The same plan is followed in making a watch; it will run for thirty hours, but as nearly every man winds his watch at the same hour every day or night, the spring is never fully exhausted. Regularity in winding is one of the best means of keeping a timepiece in order.

## The Opal.

It was Sir Walter Scott who helped, in "Anne of Geierstein," to arouse the fears of the superstitious concerning the wearing of that very beautiful stone, the opal, and it was a German dealer in gems who fostered that fear very successfully for other ends than those of romance. He came to England years ago, we are told by a jeweler, to fill an order from one of the royal families in Germany—a wedding order, if I remember rightly. Opals were then high. He had printed the story that opals were unlucky and spread the report diligently. In a short time the price went down, and he was enabled to fill his order and make a handsome profit.—Westminster Gazette.

## A Cause of Righteous Wrath.

Perhaps the most striking instance of what unnecessary ringing at the doorbell can produce in the way of exasperation is to be seen in the wording of a notice on a brass plate in a street leading out of a well known west end square. It is on the door of the corner house, and this is how it runs: "This house is No. 64A—street, and not No. 13—square. That house is round the corner. Do not ring here." One can duly imagine the state of nervous madness to which that household was reduced before he sat down to compose that notice.—London Chronicle.

## Jury Was Experienced.

"Flatman, I hear you were arrested the other day for loitering and browbeating a juror. How did you come out?"

"I was tried for it and acquitted."

"On the ground that it was justifiable?"

"No; the jury couldn't be made to believe such a thing was possible."—Chicago Tribune.

## Something Wrong.

Hotel Proprietor (to his wife)—Maria, you haven't sent that man in No. 12 his bill yet. Maria—Oh, yes I have, my dear. Hotel Proprietor—That's odd. I can still hear him singing happily.—London World.

## The Wrong Color.

"What I regard as most conspicuous about Georgie Gayson," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "is her hair: red."

"Yes," replied her hostess, "I wonder what made her get a red one?"—Modern Society.

## Hard Luck.

"Yes; her husband robbed her of every penny she had."

"Poor dear! And all she married him for was because she was afraid of burglars."

There is precious instruction to be gotten by finding we are wrong.—Carlyle.

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## Price of Coke

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# The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.  
Office Telephone 131  
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, October 6, 1906.

President Roosevelt's action in the Cuban crisis is warmly commended on all sides. The New York Herald says that alone would justify his re-election and re-election as President for another four years.

The Democrats in Providence are not yet a happy family. The late fight in the first ward Democratic caucus in that city culminated on Thursday by the Board of Canvassers declaring the caucus null and void.

Some enthusiastic astronomer, or visionary prophet, says that within ten years we shall have opened up communication with the inhabitants on the planet Mars. Suppose we succeed in opening up the communication and find that there are no inhabitants there. What then?

Judge Stephen A. Cooke, of Providence, died at his residence in that city on Thursday, after a two months' illness. Judge Cooke was well known throughout the State. He had represented that City in the State Senate; had been judge of the sixth district court and for many years a member of the first ward. He was a good citizen.

"Nothing remains for McClellan and Jerome except to compete with Grover Cleveland in bunting ducks. The Democratic party is in the hands of radicals who are sweeping it into socialism."

Yes, there is work for them and every honest Democrat in New York. They should come out and work for the Republican ticket, and thus add the respectable citizens of that State in putting down Hearstism, Socialism, Demagoguism and all other viciousisms.

The Prohibitionists of this State held a convention Thursday and nominated a full State ticket, headed by Benson E. Helme of South Kingstown, for Governor. The rest of the ticket is made up as follows: For Lieutenant Governor, Charles Sisson of Providence. For Secretary of State, Frederick T. Jenks of Bristol. For Attorney General, Thomas H. Peabody of Westerly. For State Treasurer, Elisha T. Read of Woonsocket. Representative, First Congressional District, Willis H. White of Providence. Representative, Second Congressional District, Burlington M. Briggs of Woonsocket. The party decided to go it alone and ignore all the other parties.

There was quite a contest in the Prohibition State Convention on Thursday over the resolution to endorse the Democratic candidate for U. S. Senator, R. H. I. Goddard. It was finally defeated by a large majority. The Convention on the contrary put forth the following: "We have no confidence that the success of that party [Democrats] would result in any benefit to the moral interests of the State. The action of that party in pledging its support to the election of an independent Republican to the United States Senate in return for the election of a Democratic General Assembly is a most clever example of political finesse, a magnanimous action at first thought, but not to be compared in importance with the great advantage the party would secure for the first time in many years. As we have looked in vain through its platform for any declaration on a distinctively moral issue we again present to the people a statement of our own principles and a list of candidates for State officers."

## Senator Wetmore is Honored.

Leading Business Men and Officials Entered at Squantum Club.

Between 60 and 70 prominent citizens of Rhode Island were the guests of Robert L. Gamwell of this city at the Squantum Club yesterday afternoon in honor of United States Senator George Peabody Wetmore. The occasion was entirely informal, and there was no speech-making, the design being only that Mr. Wetmore might meet representative business men and citizens of the State.

Among those invited were: Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, Hon. George H. Utter, Hon. Charles P. Bennett, Hon. William B. Greenough, Hon. Walter A. Read, Charles Dyer, Hon. Adin B. Capron, Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich, Hon. D. Russell Brown, Hon. W. V. Douglas, John E. Kendrick, Jonathan Bourne, Hon. Charles Warren Lippitt, Dr. Fenner H. Peckham and G. Alder Blumer and Messrs. Stephen O. Metcalf, Jesse H. Metcalf, Walter F. Angell, William Ames, Henry Pearce, Charles Alexander, A. Duane Chapin, Christopher Rhodes, Fred M. Sackett, J. H. Congdon, Charles Catlin, Newton D. Arnold, J. C. B. Woods, F. W. Carpenter, Robert Knight, Jeffrey Davis, C. W. Parks, J. G. Massie, J. R. Nightingale, R. G. Howland, Edward Carrington, Daniel R. Cuse, Josiah W. Crooker, J. Herbert Foster, Samuel M. Nicholson, Frank A. Bayles, Alfred Stone, J. R. Freeman, C. N. Robertson, E. A. Monaghan, Royal C. Taft, John W. Danielson, G. W. R. Matteson, Lyman B. Goff, Darius L. Goff, Alfred M. Conte, Isaac C. Bates, Charles Briggs, Henry F. Lippitt, Charles H. Merriman, Henry A. C. Taylor, W. W. Sherman, James O. Parker, Harry P. Crown, Gen. Charles A. Wilson, Jeffrey Hazard, Louis H. Cornstock and Joseph Davol.—Providence Bulletin, Sept. 28.

## Superior Court.

The October session of the Superior Court for Newport County opened in the Court House in this city on Monday with Presiding Justice William H. Sweetland presiding. Thus far there has not been a great deal for the court to do, no jury trial having been held this week. A number of cases have been disposed of, without the delay that is sometimes encountered in contested cases.

On Monday the grand jury was empanelled, with William Smith of Tiverton as foreman, and retired to consider the cases presented to it. Later in the day four indictments were reported as follows: Two against George E. Briggs of Providence for breaking into hen houses in Tiverton and the larceny of hens; one against Antonio Palo of Tiverton for assault with a stone on Cornelius Harrington; and one against Annie Romanusky of Newport for assault with a dangerous weapon. When arraigned Briggs pleaded not guilty and was held for trial in the sum of \$300 on each count. After an interpreter was found Palo was arraigned and pleaded not guilty and was held for trial next Monday in the sum of \$500. Mr. F. F. Nolan being assigned as counsel. Mrs. Romanusky will be arraigned on Monday, she being out on bail.

While the grand jury was out, assignments were marked on the docket. In Henry T. Moulter vs. Charles A. Trager judgment was entered for plaintiff for \$605.48. Philip A. Mott, Jr. vs. Theodore A. Ball et al was discontinued. Charles R. Gray vs. Philip W. Almy was marked settled. The Underwood will case has been assigned for trial November 7.

The case of Harwood E. Read, police commissioner, against John M. Taylor, city treasurer, was called up. Colonel Sheffield presented the case, saying that all the questions involved have already been passed upon by the full court, when the three commissioners previously brought mandamus proceedings to compel the payment of their salaries. City Solicitor Brown said that the refusal to pay the salaries was for non-enforcement of law and non-performance of duties. He was given permission to cite authorities.

There will be a decree of partition in Isaac B. Macomber vs. Grace B. Macomber, when the form of decree is agreed upon. An execution for costs was issued against Elizabeth Howland and Clara M. Baldwin. The equity case of Richard B. Porter vs. J. Cookman Boyd was dismissed. Max Levy was appointed guardian ad litem of Marion Priella Hall and Herbert Francis Hall, minors, interested in a partition suit. William H. Reeves of New London was appointed trustee under the will of Susan B. Sherman to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late B. B. H. Sherman.

On Tuesday there was but a brief session of the court, petit jurors being examined, after which court adjourned for the day.

The session on Wednesday was also very brief. Herbert L. Dyer was appointed special master to sell in separate parcels at public auction the property involved in the case of Isaac B. Macomber vs. Grace B. Macomber.

On Thursday there was again a short session. In Joseph Gemutell vs. Patrick Welch defendant submitted to judgment for \$225 and costs. John D. Madero vs. Thomas G. Stratton was dismissed, an order to furnish surety for costs not having been complied with.

The court was in session but a few minutes on Friday and no business was transacted.

## Democratic Nominations.

The Democratic State Convention was held in Providence Wednesday, when the following ticket was nominated:

For Governor—James H. Higgins.

For Lieutenant Governor—Charles Bisson.

For Secretary of State—William Palmer.

For Attorney General—Edward M. Sullivan.

For General Treasurer—John B. Archambault.

For Representative to Congress, First District—D. L. D. Granger.

For Representative to Congress, Second District—Lucius F. C. Garvin.

Only one town in the county was represented by delegates regularly chosen in ward caucuses. That was Newport.

All the other towns were represented by men mostly residents of other parts of the State. The delegation as finally made up was as follows:

Jamestown—James M. Griffin, William H. McSoley, Edward P. O'Hara, John L. Banoun.

Little Compton—Philip W. Almy, C. W. Almy, John C. Hathaway.

Middletown—Michael J. Egan, Philip E. Quinn, Samuel Thurston, William J. Keenan.

Newport—Patrick J. Murphy, Lewis Brown, Jeremiah P. Mahoney, William J. Christmas, Jr., J. Stacy Brown, John E. O'Neill, Dennis Shanahan, Patrick Buckley, Thomas G. Albro, Jr., William P. Clarke.

New Shoreham—Edward M. Sullivan, Edward H. Barry, Edward E. Haynes.

Portsmouth—T. D. Higgins, T. H. Cullen, William J. Walsh, William Oakes.

In the platform adopted there is but one paragraph demanding serious attention and that is the resolution which says:

"We favor the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people, and as an earnest of our convictions in this regard we hereby pledge the vote of every Democrat elected to the next General Assembly to Robert H. I. Goddard for the office of United States Senator from this State. And we challenge the Republican party to name in their approaching convention their candidate for this high office to

the end that the citizens may know for whom they are voting when they cast their ballots for members of the Legislature."

Some of our Democratic friends in Newport have been so kind as they desired the reelection of Senator Wetmore, and they have also claimed that even if Democrats were chosen members of the General Assembly from this city that they would vote for Senator Wetmore. The above resolution would seem to prohibit any action if contemplated. There is but one way to insure the reelection of Senator Wetmore and that is by voting for Republicans on the General Assembly ticket.

## No Republican Bryanism.

Senator La Follette of Wisconsin has just given, unconsciously, a very good reason for his recent defeat in trying to put up a radical against a conservative Republican Governor. In a speech made in Newark, N. J., La Follette came out in favor of Bryan's government ownership of the railways. The Wisconsin man has been stamping New Jersey in the interest of his brand of so-called Republicanism, says an exchange. Incidentally he has denounced the two Republican Senators of that State, Dryden and Keane, as being tools of the railroads, and says they are a disgrace to the Senate.

For several years La Follette had great strength in Wisconsin. He carried his State for governor time after time, and then, last winter, he got himself elected to the Senate. From Washington he attempted to dictate the local politics of his State. He tried, in the recent primary, to put up a radical for the Republican nomination for governor against the present conservative occupant of the office, and was overwhelmingly beaten. But he does not know what the rebuke means. He is traveling through the country making speeches which read like Democratic spellbinders' rant. In New Jersey he surpassed his recent record in socialistic follies.

But the man who has been called the "Republican Bryan" is not likely to make many converts to his radical fads. If he wants government ownership of the railways he will have to go over to the Democrats to get any chance to have it. The Democrats will declare for ownership in 1908, and put Bryan on that platform. If they carry the country an attempt will be made to put Bryan's fad into operation. If La Follette keeps on talking ownership he will qualify himself for the second place on the Bryan ticket. There is no place in the Republican party for a man who believes in putting the 1,500,000 railway employees under the control of the government at Washington and who wants to increase the government's debt to the extent of \$16,000,000,000 in order to get the privilege of bossing the railroads. Senator La Follette will soon have to make his decision as between Republicanism and Bryanism. No Bryanites can be allowed to pretend that they are members of the Republican party.

## Haunted Houses.

EDITOR MERCURY—

DEAR SIR: Perhaps no city or town is quite complete without its "haunted house" or houses, and in this respect Newport is no exception—in fact it has many, though perhaps not all of equal interest.

Although the most of humanity profess to be a disbeliever in the possibility or probability of the phenomena said to be attendant on ghostly visitants, still eager ears are always in readiness to listen to the weird tales. It is not the object of the writer of this to discuss the matter from a psychic point of view, but to state a few facts relative to the publicity given to such reports and their mischievous consequences.

Once whispered, whether in jest or otherwise, that some special house is "haunted," the whole city is shortly in possession of the fact. As it is a choice bit in the mind of the news-vender, it is soon well circulated. Now the effect of this is to disparage the property, which if used for business purposes is doubly harmful. We have known some of the most damaging of these stories to be without a basis of truth, so far as the owners and dwellers of the same can testify.

Much publicity has been given to these fallacious stories by cabinetmen when showing visitors the points of interest about the city; they are sure to pass some, if not all of these houses in order to relate those dainty bits of gossip. It does not follow that these cabinetmen are malicious or mean to injure the property and owners thereof, but to make themselves instructive and entertaining, which is their stock in trade.

Now is there not some law to reach these slanderous, but thoughtless, individuals?

PINO BOZO PUBLICO.

Newport, Oct. 2, 1906.

## Good Man for U. S. Senate.

[From the Irish World.]

There are two candidates for the U. S. Senate who deserve mention in the columns of The Irish World on general and specific grounds. Hon. George Peabody Wetmore of Rhode Island and Hon. William Alden Smith of Michigan. Mr. Wetmore has been twice Governor of his State and twice United States Senator; is chairman of the Committee on Library, and a member of the important Committee on Appropriations. The press, irrespective of party, have borne the highest testimony to the general excellence of his Congressional services.

Senator Wetmore has also been a chief factor in passing the Barry Bill in the Senate. It was he who raised the appropriation from \$25,000 to \$50,000, not deeming the former sum sufficient to erect a statue commensurate to the services of Barry. He is also a member of the committee to select a sculptor and site, and is determined to have none but the best in both cases.

## Washington Matters.

Affairs in Cuba as They Have Appeared to Officials at the Capital—Banks are in Need of Ready Cash—Suit Against the Standard Oil—Notes.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 6, 1906.

The fate of the Cuban Republic so far as independent government is concerned may be said to hang in the balance. The War Department professes to have hopes of a peaceful outcome, but dispatches from Havana, which have been received in Washington, indicate a decidedly more gloomy trend of thought. Secretary Taft, who is managing the affair in Havana, has had experience enough in the Philippines to gauge very accurately the capacity for self-government of a Latin-American people. He has informed the President, confidentially, that it will in all probability be necessary to send soldiers to Cuba in order to guard plantations in the interior and to protect both American and Cuban interests from the wrath of the insurgents. It is hardly believed that the protection of Havana and the other coast cities will answer the purpose once American intervention becomes an established fact. Of course, if the American Commissioners are able to induce the Moderates to establish a provisional government, it may not be necessary to send an army for the pacification of the island. A government which Cubans would respect and with no more force than could be landed by the warships at the coast ports, would be a very desirable consummation; but it is greatly to be feared that matters have gone beyond the point where such benevolent intervention would be of effect.

Officers of the general staff and of the general Navy Board have come to the conclusion that it may be necessary to seize the fortifications at Havana and Santiago, and orders looking to such a move have been issued with a view to putting them into effect the instant it is shown that a rupture is inevitable. The question of sending marines to the interior has been seriously discussed, and if it becomes necessary to send troops to the interior, all of the warships are prepared for such an eventuality and will be able to keep in close touch with their men by means of the Cuban railways. The hurricane along the Gulf Coast has seriously interfered with some of the plans for concentration and efforts to get in touch with the marines now stationed at Pensacola and New Orleans have been unsavory.

Orders have been sent to New York to prepare the old receiving ship Hancock for the transportation of marines and sailors to Cuba should it become necessary. It is possible also that the War Department in case of stress will call upon the Panama railway, which has in service five ships now plying between New York and Colon. Each of these ships would be available to carry six or seven companies, and they would form a very valuable auxiliary in case the War Department needed immediate tonnage.

The situation on the south side of the island, according to despatches received at the War Department, is the most serious that has yet developed. Two warships, the Cleveland and the Maderia, are now at Cienfuegos, and a total of nearly 600 marines have been sent inland from this point to guard the plantations and any other foreign interests which need protection. These men are badly worn out through constant service, and it is quite possible that if the strain continues they will have to be relieved and fresh men sent to take their place.

An interesting side light on the situation in Cuba was received in the arrival in Washington late this week of Senor Quesada, the Cuban minister, who started recently for a short vacation in Europe. It is an open secret that Senor Quesada, who was the representative of the Cuban Junta in Washington, prior to the Spanish-American war, had ambitions towards the Presidency of Cuba. But being a patriotic gentleman, when Palma was elected he accepted the ministry to Washington as something "equally good" or almost so, and has since been living here in hopes that he might succeed the moderate President when the latter's term expired. Senor Quesada lost no time in getting into communication with Oyster Bay, and expressed his confidence that President Roosevelt would never destroy the independence of Cuba except as a last resort to protect the Cubans from themselves.

Much satisfaction has been expressed over the determination of Secretary Shaw to deposit \$25,000,000 in government funds with the principal depository banks of the country in order to help out the present money stringency. What the banks are most in need of at the present moment is ready cash, and the government is willing to receive in the Treasury as security any bonds, which, according to the laws of New York and Massachusetts have been rated as satisfactory security for savings banks. The liquid funds thus made available will help out considerably in the interior where ready money is required for moving crops. The larger deposits, of course, will go to New York and Chicago, but 26 different cities from Boston, Mass., to New Orleans and Sioux Falls, will also benefit, and while some of the money may be used in speculation as the movement of the stock market indicated soon after the announcement of these deposits, was made, it will help the country at large at a time when the money market was sorely in need of help.

In the general anti-trust campaign which has now been inaugurated, much the most important movement is the preparation of the suit against the Standard Oil Company, which only awaits the approval of Attorney General Moody before it is put into effect. Just how this campaign is going to be conducted has not yet been divulged by the government, but three of the best corporation lawyers obtainable have been retained as special counsel for the Department of Justice. They are Messrs. Purdy, Morrison and Kellogg, the latter for some time counsel for the United States Steel Corporation, and whose situation in that corporation became unpleasant, if not untenable, because he was not willing to lend his services to the fight against the Northern Securities Company. All three of the gentlemen named have kept in close touch with Commissioner of Corporation Garfield in the investigation that he has made during the past two years of the Standard Oil Company business methods. It will be recalled that one section of this report already has been published, and the methods of the Standard brought to light were in themselves quite enough to justify a prosecution under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

Avoid food drinks at bedtime, particularly at the beginning of the week.

## Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Oct. 6, 1906.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Oct. 2 to 7, warm wave Oct. 2 to 6, cool wave Oct. 5 to 9. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Oct. 8, cross great central valleys by close of 9, great central valleys 10 to 12, eastern states 12. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about Oct. 8, great central valleys 10, eastern states 12. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about Oct. 11, great central valleys 13, eastern states 16.

This will be one of the most important disturbances of October. Very high temperatures and severe weather will prevail during its transit across the continent and its closing feature will be a cold wave that will carry frost further south than usual. It will be preceded by dry and drying weather and as the cool wave comes in rainfall will increase and become more general.

Fourth disturbance of October will reach Pacific coast about Oct. 13, cross west of Rockies country by close of 14, great central valleys 15 to 17, eastern states 18. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about Oct. 13, great central valleys 15, eastern states 17. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Oct. 16, great central valleys 18, eastern states 20.

The important feature of this disturbance will be the windy weather into which it will carry us. Temperatures will not go very high as it approaches but will go very low as the following cold wave comes in. Precipitation will not generally be very heavy but will become more general than in preceding part of the month. The weather of this disturbance will be more like November than like October.

Immediately following Oct. 6 will come a general wave of high temperatures and summer like weather with not much rain till the next disturbance passes. From Oct. 15 to last of month very cool weather is expected.

The French chef of Mrs. Ogden Gallet went on a rampage in the kitchen Wednesday evening and the police station was appealed to for aid. Officer Tobin went down in the patrol wagon and gathered the pun in. He was locked up for the night and Thursday morning was advised to get out of town.

Helena F. Hynds of Providence has entered suit against Edgar E. Allen of Brookline, Mass., who runs the Bathing Beach at Block Island, for \$5000 for injuries alleged to have been received by stepping into the opening of a trap door in the walk leading to the bath houses.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Blinding, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAIN EXTINGUISHMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

OCTOBER 1906.		STANDARD TIME.		SUN.		MOON.		HIGH WATER.	
Day	Week	Day	Week	Day	Week	Day	Week	Day	Week
1 Sat	1	1 Sun	1	1 Mon	1	1 Tue	1	1 Wed	1
2 Sun	2	2 Mon	2	2 Tue	2	2 Wed	2	2 Thu	2
3 Mon	3	3 Tue	3	3 Wed	3	3 Thu	3	3 Fri	3
4 Tue	4	4 Wed	4	4 Thu	4	4 Fri	4	4 Sat	4
5 Wed	5	5 Thu	5	5 Fri	5	5 Sat	5	5 Sun	5
6 Thu	6	6 Fri	6	6 Sat	6	6 Sun	6	6 Mon	6
7 Fri	7	7 Sat	7	7 Sun	7	7 Mon	7	7 Tue	7
8 Sat	8	8 Sun	8	8 Mon	8	8 Tue	8	8 Wed	8
9 Sun	9	9 Mon	9	9 Tue	9	9 Wed	9	9 Thu	9
10 Mon	10	10 Tue	10	10 Wed	10	10 Thu	10	10 Fri	10
11 Tue	11	11 Wed	11	11 Thu	11	11 Fri	11	11 Sat	11
12 Wed	12	12 Thu	12	12 Fri	12	12 Sat	12	12 Sun	12

Full Moon, 21 day, 7h. 48m., morning.

First Quarter, 10th day, 10h. 30m., morning.

New Moon, 17th day, 5h. 45m., evening.

First Quarter, 24th day, 8h. 30m., evening.

Full Moon, 31st day, 11h. 40m., morning.

Furnished Cottages, Jamestown, R. I.

At Jamestown, on Comstock Island, opposite Newport, Mr. Taylor has an office on Narragansett avenue, near corner of Greene Lane, where furnished cottages for the summer season can be rented, prices from \$200 up to \$500. Excellent, with ample accommodation, obtainable from \$400 to \$700.

Jamestown office open daily, (Sundays excepted) from 8:30 till 5:00 o'clock, from April till October every year.

Mr. A. O. D. Taylor, Junior, or Mr. Hugh L. Taylor at the Jamestown office every day.

Newport office, 132 Bellevue Avenue.

## A. O. D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

## Deaths.

In this city, 2d inst., John E., son of the late Henry F. and Lucinda Taber, aged 71 years.

In this city, 2d inst., at her residence, 83 Gallatin avenue, Margaret M., wife of John J. Sullivan, aged 77 years.

Entered into rest, in this city, 2d inst., Mary R., widow of Walter B. Simmons.

In this city, 3d inst., 505 Spring street, Catherine, widow of Joseph Logier.

In this city, 4th inst., John H. Stacy.

In Middletown, 24th ult., Clara, wife of Henry C. Sherman.

In Middletown, 4th inst., Susan A., wife of the late James Logan, of this city.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR BILLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

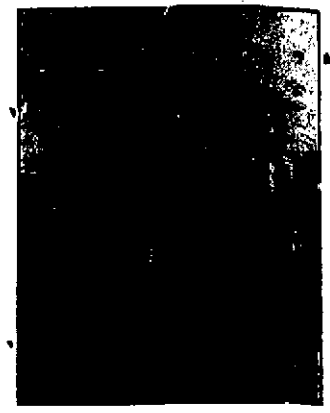
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BISMUTH Quinine Tablets. Each box contains 10 tablets. 25c. W. W. WOOD'S signature on each box. 25c.

# CLEVELAND HOUSE.

77 CLARKE STREET.

A comfortable, pleasant home for Per. meat or transient guests. Having all modern improvements and conveniences. New throughout. Large airy rooms, single or en suite.



House is heated by hot water. Electricity and gas in each room. Modern plumbing. Hardwood fitted, enameled walls.

Especially adapted for a family house. All home cooking.

\$2 per day. Special terms to permanent guests.

FOR TERMS ADDRESS

## Cornelius Moriarty,

27 CLARKE STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

## Just Out!

## Six New

## Panoramic

## Post Cards.

TRAINING SQUARE, WASHINGTON SQUARE, BEACON ROCK, THE BEACH, HARBOR FRONT, THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.

SOLD BY

Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. D. Dade, 6 & 10 Cent Store, Landers & Son, Wm. E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Steyer, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co., and by the publishers.

## MERCURY







**FOR**  
**\$2,000 EACH**

P. C. E. LEWIS

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Young James Harper, farmer, and Sarah Lee, daughter of another farmer, married for love. They had two or three lovers' quarrels, as was quite on the cards and very natural, but for two years after marriage no couple ever lived more happily. This state of affairs might have continued at least two years longer but for Abner Jones, Esq., country justice of the peace and agent for the Farmers' Fire Insurance company, and sewing machines of all makes, bought and sold. He made his appearance at the farmhouse one day.

"Well, Jim," he said, "what do you and Sarah think? I've got the agency for a life insurance company and am going to branch out a little. I want to insure the both of you. I've got Tom Spooner and his wife, Bill Wheeler and his wife, Silas Johnson and his wife and several others, and I'm here to get you. I want you to take \$2,000 apiece. If you die, Sarah, Jim has got \$2,000 to buy you a monument, pay funeral expenses and go away to Niagara Falls to get over his grief. If you die, Jim, Sarah has got money to bury you decently and carry on the farm without having to rush off and marry again."

The squire went into further explanations. He talked life insurance and stayed to dinner. He talked life insurance and stayed to supper. He talked life insurance and stayed until 9 o'clock in the evening. Then he drank two glasses of cider, ate three fried cakes and a piece of mince pie and went home to make out two policies for \$2,000 each.

Jim and Sarah had decided that such insurance was a good thing. Neither wanted to die, but if death must come they would not be selfish about it. It would be a bond to draw them still closer together. In the course of a couple of weeks the policies were delivered, the premiums paid, and Squire Jones stayed to dinner again and said, as he finished and wanted to lick his plate, but remembered his dignity in time:

"Now, then, young folks, this is the best thing you have done so far in your lives. Keep on loving, keeping up your premiums as they fall due, and don't worry about the future. With \$2,000 coming to the survivor in case of death you needn't either of you begrudge the Astors or Vanderbilts. Sarah, you can dress in the most expensive mourning, and Jim, you can wear patent leather shoes and hear Niagara roar till you get tired of it."

It was Squire Jones who was responsible for the insurance, but it was Aunt Deborah who was responsible for what resulted. The policies had been carefully laid away in the bottom bureau drawer and the subject talked out when Aunt Deborah came visiting one afternoon. She had not been invited, nor was she expected, but she proceeded to make herself at home, and by and by announced:

"Sarah, I have heard that you and James have had your lives insured for each other's benefit, but I told 'em you were not the woman to go into anything like that."

"But we have," replied Sarah. "We were insured two weeks ago."

"Upon my soul! No one could have made me believe it."

"But why? What's the matter?"

"Sarah Harper, do you know that you have the same as doomed yourself to death?" asked Aunt Deborah, in a hoarse whisper.

"What do you mean, Aunt?"

"I mean that there isn't a man on the face of this earth who wouldn't kill his wife for the sake of \$2,000 in cash. That insurance is a temptation to murder. Hundreds of wives have been killed off every year, and you will be one of them to go before another year rolls over your head."

The young wife laughed merrily at the idea, but Aunt Deborah grew more solemn and serious, and said:

"Don't fool yourself, Sarah. Jim is just as good a husband as any of 'em, but you have put temptation in his way. He'll be thinking of them \$2,000 all the time, and the longer he thinks the easier it will come for him to murder you. Two thousand dollars in cash and you out of the way so that he can marry again is more'n he can stand up under. I shan't be a bit surprised any day to hear that you have been found murdered. Squire Jones ought to be prosecuted for coaxing you into such a thing, and I'll tell him so before the week is out."

Sarah continued to laugh and make fun at the idea, and it was finally dropped to take up soft soap and carpet rags. When she set about getting supper Aunt Deborah made a sneak outdoors and caught the husband as he came up from the cornfield.

"Well," she began, after he greeted her, "you want Sarah to chop you up with the ax or pour melted lead in your ears, I see?"

"What is it, aunty?"

"It's that life insurance. Henry Harper, I'm astonished at you. Do you know how many wives killed their husbands last year to get the insurance?"

"A million perhaps, but Sarah isn't going to kill me."

"Time will tell, James; time will tell. Sarah is sweet and lovely and innocent, but when there's \$2,000 at stake who can tell what a woman will do? With this farm and all that money behind her if she was a widow she can catch a better looking man than you."

The good natured young man continued to laugh, and at the supper table his wife laughed with him as they chaffed Aunt Deborah, but the old lady continued to shake her head and reply:

"Wait till the ax or the melted lead get to work and then we'll see whether there is anything to laugh at or not."

That night at midnight Sarah woke up with her heart beating rapidly. She was about to nudge Henry with her el-

low, when a sudden thought came to her. Aunt Deborah's gruesome predictions came up, and she wondered if she had been awakened by some move on her husband's part—some move to take her by the throat. She smiled at first, but presently the smile faded away. Wives had been killed that the husband might profit by the insurance. Aunt Deborah was always predicting, but at the same time many of her predictions had come true. She knew that Henry loved her with a great love, but there was that \$2,000. For an hour she lay awake and thought, and the longer she thought the more miserable she was.

Sarah had only fallen into a troubled sleep when the dog barked and Henry awoke. He did not get up for fear of disturbing his wife, and after listening to the dog for a few minutes the thought of Aunt Deborah's predictions and solemn face came to his mind.

He grinned at the idea of Sarah killing him off for that \$2,000, and yet he began to recall cases where wives had done that same thing. She could push him into the well, push him down the cellar stairs or dispose of him in other ways to enable her to escape detection, and with that \$2,000 she would be a rich widow, and windmill men, wire fence men, piano agents and men with patent farm gates would tumble over each other to ask for her hand. She might not even put a \$10 headstone at his grave.

There was constraint between them when the couple woke up next morning. They tried to make out that there wasn't, but realized that there was. Sarah claimed to have a headache, and James said he had a touch of rheumatism.

At noon when the husband came up from the field he had been thinking things over and almost wished he had turned Aunt Deborah out of the house. She was a meddlesome, gossip old thing, and he would let nothing she had said annoy him in the least. Sarah had also been thinking, and about the same thoughts, and so there was a return of love and confidence.

It did not last thirty-six hours, however. Henry had to sharpen the ax, and Sarah saw him at it and felt that he was contemplating a crime. Sarah asked if the handle of a table knife could not be made fast by a little melted lead, and Henry said to himself after answering her question:

"Ah, ha! Got melted lead on her mind, has she? Well, I've got to look out for my ears."

For the next four weeks the pair were hypocrites toward each other. They dissimulated and deceived. They thought black thoughts of each other. James wanted to sleep in the barn at night, and Sarah wanted to go home and tell her mother all about it. Things were hastening on toward a separation when, as they sat on the veranda one night after supper, saying little, but thinking a great deal, farmer Joe Collins came driving along and halted to say:

"Say, you folks heard the news?"

"No. What is it?"

"It'll take your breath away."

"But let's have it."

"Well, that life insurance company you are insured in has busted higher'n Gilroy's kite!"

"Oh, James?"

"Oh, Sarah?"

And as they went dancing around the veranda in each other's arms Mr. Collins looked at them in astonishment and said to himself:

"By George, but they seem to be durned glad of it!"

And so they were.

**A Little Misunderstanding.**

"A young lady I know," said an Englishman, "got married last year in London and had only been keeping house a week or two when a cousin in the country sent her a brace of pheasants. Some people like to 'hang' pheasants—to keep them a week or two, letting them get 'high' on the ground that the fresh flesh is tough and stringy. The cook knew this, but her young mistress knew nothing—positively nothing—of cooking."

"Please, ma'am," said the cook when the pheasants arrived, "do you like the birds 'igh'?"

"The bird's eye?" said the mistress, puzzled.

"What I mean, ma'am," the cook explained, "is that some folks likes their birds' state."

"The tall?" repeated the mistress, more puzzled than ever.

"And then, in order not to appear ignorant in the cook's eyes, she smiled brightly and said:

"Prepare the birds, please, with the eyes and the tall both."

**Drank a Hoghead of Wine.**

Of the great scholar and writer, George Buchanan, it is related that he was told by his doctors that if he abstained from wine he might live five or six years and that if he continued to drink he could hold out three weeks at longest.

"Get you gone," he exclaimed, "with your prescriptions and your course of diet and know that I would rather live three weeks and be drunk every day than six years without drinking wine!"

He was as good as his word. Having discharged his physician, like a desperate man, he ordered a hoghead of grape wine to be set at his bed's head, resolved to see the bottom of it before he died, and he carried himself so valiantly that he emptied it to the lees.—Blackwood's Magazine.

**Shaving.**

The earliest known mention of shaving is in the Bible (Genesis xlv, 14), "And he (Joseph) shaved himself and came before Pharaoh." Shaving the beard was introduced by the Romans about 300 B. C.

**The Optimist.**

Small Boy—Pa, what is an optimist? Pa—An optimist, my son, is a man who doesn't care a blank what happens, so that it doesn't happen to him.—Life.

The wages of sin have been materially changed in some thousand years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**CASTORIA.**

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Be sure the Signature of

Castoria

## VENEERED WOOD.

Its Advantages Over Solid Lumber For Furniture.

If the art of veneering were not the extensive art it is today, it would be impossible for any but the comparatively few who have a good supply of the almighty dollar to possess any fine articles of furniture at all. Veneering is not a new art, but the earliest American cabinetmakers, although using it to some extent, preferred as a rule the solid wood furniture.

Today hardwood trees, such as the oak, walnut and ash, have been made more valuable by the invention of veneering machinery which will enable the logs to be sliced up into layers of uniform thickness of less than one-twentieth of an inch. In the old days this process was all by hand and was a slow and arduous undertaking.

The advantages of veneered wood are that it will not crack, swell nor warp in the changes from hot to cold weather, and in the case of doors, for instance, it makes them lighter and more easily handled.

For our finest pieces of furniture the best of oak, walnut or ash is used, and it may be seen how much one of these trees is worth. Cut into thin slices, it will give hundreds of feet of veneer. A large walnut tree, for instance, will be made into a large amount of veneer and is sought by expert woodsmen. Found in the heart of the woods or on some lonely farm, it is bought by the agent working for the interests of a veneering company, and ten times as much is paid for it to its owner as would be for ordinary lumber.

The process includes the cutting and trimming of the tree, sawing into logs of convenient lengths and then the cooking of these logs. They are boiled until soft and pliable in a vat of hot water or steam. They are then sent to the veneering machines, where they are sliced or sawed into pieces from one-tenth to one-thirtieth of an inch in thickness, of absolutely the same thickness all over. Their soft, pliable condition prevents them from cracking or breaking.

The cabinet workers then apply these slices to the articles of furniture, gluing them on with the grain running in opposite directions and with no joinings visible. Instead of making a weaker article the surface is really toughened and hardened by this crossgrain work, and it may also be polished to a higher luster than the solid wood.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

If you believe in fortune telling anybody can fool you.

After some people have done their duty they act as if they expect people to cheer.

If you are disagreeable, people will hate you. There are no exceptions to this rule.

When a man is compelled to make an effort to be good natured, he should see a doctor at once.

Every man is occasionally against this proposition: He can't afford to, and he can't afford not to.

If the attention of those who are talking to wanderers frequently, that is a sign that you are not talking well and are talking too much.

Some people think they are all right if they don't steal. But there are many other things you must do, if you want to stand well with your neighbors.—Auchison Globe.

## The Indispensable "Well."

Across the club luncheon table a man looked up from his grilled sole and proclaimed that no man in England can carry on a conversation without saying "well." The usual bet was made. For a week the two friends glared at each other, knowing that "well" is the beginning of most casual sentences. You may not have noticed that. Dumbly they parted day by day, with a handshake and the word "well" frozen on their lips. After a week one of the two had to confess that the language had got the better of him. "Well," he said, "I'd rather drop a sovereign over that dinner than choke that 'well.' I can't talk without it."—London Chronicle.

## A Hard Shot.

A prominent lawyer in Ohio, who was very eccentric, always rubbed his hands and went through several other movements before speaking. One day while in court a younger lawyer, after seeing him do this several times, got up and did it, too, in a very slow and deliberate manner, and, after saying what he was going to, sat down, whereupon the older man got up and said, "That young man acts like a good lawyer, but he talks like a fool."

## London Weather.

We may as well own up to the truth that the conventional abuse of our climate and our weather has been greatly overdone. When we are inclined to envy countries whose meteorological conditions have less of the element of "glorious uncertainty" than our own, we are much too ready to overlook the immense advantage we possess in our almost absolute freedom from violent extremes.—London World.

## Her Love.

"Do you call your husband Honey?" "No, I call him Pickle."

"Good gracious, doesn't that make him mad?"

"No. He knows I detest honey, and every woman loves pickles."—Houston Post.

## Oratory.

"Your son won a prize for oratory while he was in college, I believe. What is he doing now?" "He got a job in the union depot announcing the departure of the trains."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Character.

The need of the world today is character. It has brilliancy. It has capacity. It has ambition. It has energy. It lacks men who stand on the solid rock of honesty, who scorn to take anything that they have not rightfully earned, whose word can be trusted seven days in the week, who are self-contained, resolute and strong.

## WAYS OF THE ARAB.

When Sick, How Get Medicine and Women Get Prayers.

There is one peculiar distinction between Arab men and women in Algeria," writes a traveler, "and it may be considered as some proof of the degraded position of the latter. When an Arab is ill he goes to his doctor, and Arab doctors, whether deservedly or not, have a high reputation. But when an Arab woman is ill she may not consult a medical man. She must go to the marabout, who is half saint and half magician. He does not retail medicines, but he utters a number of prayers, and then he writes one or more of them on a bit of paper, giving it to the patient with injunctions to chew it and swallow it. He also supplies a little holy water out of a bottle and the woman goes away fully believing that she will recover."

"It has been said that the Arabs do not respect their dead because they have no enclosed cemeteries and because they select for the graves of their nearest and dearest solitary spots removed from their places of encampment. But this practice may be explained by other causes than absence of respect or affection for their dead. The task of preparing the body for the grave is always performed by the members of the family themselves and, in accordance with the Koran, it is most carefully washed in pure water before being consigned to the ground. Then the pottery of the household is broken over the spot. In the desert or on the steppe the leaving of the body in an isolated place seems to typify naturally its presence before the infinite and the eternal."

"In joy as in grief the Arab generally conceals his feelings behind a proud reserve, but on the occasions of the periodical fantasia he throws aside the mask and reveals the true man. The dancing, gesticulating and shouting go on for hours until the delirium ends with the exhaustion of the participants. A fantasia in the desert leaves a curious impression of semi-reality on the mind, but it is the one occasion on which the stern, sad-looking Arab, casting aside his lauteur, comes forth as the true son of nature."

## DRINK BOILED MILK.

A Doctor Says It Will Vaccinate You Against Consumption.

"The idea of vaccination against consumption is not a new idea," said a physician. "And, furthermore, you and I have unconsciously many times perhaps vaccinated ourselves against this disease."

"I have vaccinated myself against consumption? I must have done it in my sleep, then."

"Not at all. Let me explain."

"Chauveau, Baumgarten, Grises, Behring, Calmette, Goerlin and other eminent investigators have taught us that the germs of consumption—the bacilli, the little living creatures that eat up the lungs—do not enter our lungs through the respiratory tract, but through the intestines—that is to say, we don't breathe in consumption germs; we eat them."

"In the region of the intestines, therefore, these men for some years conducted their vaccinations for consumption. They took calves, and they vaccinated these calves with milk containing dead bacilli. Afterward they gave the calves milk containing live bacilli, and, whereas this latter milk caused deadly consumption in ordinary calves, among those that had been vaccinated no evil effect whatever ensued."

"Among animals and perhaps among men milk containing dead consumption germs makes a virus which, applied to the intestines, is a sure cure for consumption."

"Therefore, when you and I drink our milk boiled (as we should always do despite the oratory taste), we are, if the milk happens to contain bacilli, actually introducing into our intestines the virus that, among animals at least, is consumption's sure preventive."

"Moral—Drink boiled milk only."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Enthusiasm.

As you slide along past youth into middle age get a good grip on your enthusiasms. Life looks black after they are gone. It is a good thing, too, to renew your own life in an intimate interest in the life of some young friend. Few things are more helpful or more beautiful than friendship between the young and the old. They have everything to give to each other. What is most pitiful in both—youth's uncertainty and need of encouraging sympathy, age's unfulfillments and need of softening tenderness—is soothed and neutralized by a sharing of interests and affections.

## Ducal Nourish.

One never hears of a duke going wrong. Every one bearing any other title in the peerage may be perhaps subjected to the temptations of "the world, the flesh and the devil," but a duke never! Indeed, the old Scotsman's verdict that dukes are "verra, verra respectable people" seems one about which there can be no doubt.—London Tatler.

## Free.

"Johnny," queried the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the difference between electricity and lightning?"

"You don't have to pay nothin' for lightning," answered Johnny.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Dangerous.

Kind Lady—Here is a glass of water. Certainly you can drink that. Trump—No, mum. I've got an iron constitution, and the water would rust it.

In childhood he modest, in youth temperate, in manhood just and in old age prudent.—Socrates.

## The Social Round.

"I suppose," said the old time friend, "that your folks no longer feel the anxiety about social matters that they once experienced."

"Yes, they do," answered Mr. Cumrox; "mother an' the girls are now as busy keepin' other women out of society as they once were gettin' in themselves."—Washington Star.

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## HALTING A COLD.

What to Do When You Sneeze or Feel the Working Chill.

A cold, as nearly every intelligent person knows, is the result of a stoppage somewhere of free circulation of the blood, to which one is first sensitive through a feeling of chill. So slight is the chill at first that not until the preliminary sneeze comes is the victim aware he or she has been in a draft, or that the temperature has changed.

The usual notion is that by going indoors, by changing to heavier clothing or retreating from the moist atmosphere the danger is averted. These precautions are all well enough, but the first and most efficacious measure should be to restore the quick flow of warm blood through every vein, and so by heat instantly counteract the little chill.

When the temperature of the body or extremities is lowered, or a sudden chill or quick change from warm to cold temperature is endured, take three or four deep breaths through the nostrils, expand the lungs to their fullest extent, holding the inhaled air as long as possible, and then slowly exhale it through the mouth. In doing this the inflation of the lungs sets the heart into such quick motion that the blood is driven with unusual force along its channels, and so runs out into the toes and finger tips, and sets up a quick reaction against the chill. In short, the whole effect is to stir the blood and set it in motion as from rapid exercise.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## WHERE CATS CAN'T LIVE.

In Very High Altitudes the Felines Go Mad and Die.

Cats go mad and die in high altitudes. Leadville, Colo., is a city over 10,000 feet above sea level, and there is not a single cat in the place that has been there more than three months.

The greater the height above sea level the greater the degree of nervousness both in people and the dumb animals. Even in Denver, which is only half as high as Leadville, cats are high strung and flighty, given to sudden fits of arching their backs and growling at nothing. But they do not go mad in Denver with the same unanimity that they do in Leadville. In the latter place cats seem to be more than usually drowsy when they are first brought there and spend nearly every hour of the twenty-four in sleep. This condition will last a week or two, and is succeeded by a state of ordinary well being, which terminates at a greater or less interval of time by their suddenly having a violent fit, which in a human being would be called hysteria. These fits are repeated with continually increasing frequency until one more violent than any of its predecessors carries the cat off. Even kittens born in high altitudes never seem to get accustomed to them and invariably go the way of their parents.—New York Herald.

## A Strange Animal Friendship.

Sometimes animals which are by nature deadly enemies, such as dogs and cats, strike up a very strong friendship. I have known a cat adopt a puppy and nurse it tenderly, but as a rule they prefer to bite and scratch. A sculptor of animals, a Mr. Harvey, had two pets, a pigeon and a cat, who lived together in great friendship, and had their photograph taken while eating out of the same dish. The pigeon was named Pidge and the cat was called Toddlie. They ate, slept and played together, and when Pidge died Toddlie was nearly broken hearted, and would never again eat or drink from the dishes from which she and her little playmate used to eat together.—Home Notes.

## Dangerous.

Mrs. Hornbeak (in the midst of her reading)—Mercy sakes alive! Here is an item about a surgeon over at Biggerville removing an epithelioma from a man's lip. Farmer Hornbeak—Well, I sh'd judge it was about time for people to quit using such long words when it requires a doctor to git 'em out.—Puck.

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ON and after June 10, 1906, trains will leave New York, for Boston, SOUTH STATION, week days, 5:50, 6:50, 8:10, 11:00 a. m., 1:10, 4:45, 5:00, 8:10 p. m. For PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 7:02, 8:05, 11:00 a. m., 1:10, 4:45, 5:00, 8:10 p. m. For BOSTON (via Fall River and Warren), 7:02, 8:05, 11:00 a. m., 1:10, 4:45, 5:00, 8:10 p. m. For FALL RIVER (via Fall River and Warren), 7:02, 8:0



## A Game of Teasing.

The full realization of her love for Meredith came to Helen as she watched him enter the drawing room with the avowed intention of proposing to her cousin Gweneith.

In her eyes still lingered the incredulous smile with which she had listened to his announcement, but as the door closed behind him came the appalling conviction that he had meant what he said.

Life without Meredith—her Meredith—the husband of Gweneith—such ideas were insupportable. With her hand pressed to her wildly beating heart, she turned and flew upstairs to the workroom.

Her brother was busy there carpentering, and not in the mood for interruption. "Shut the door, please," he cried, without looking up, "the wind blows the shavings about."

Helen complied, then sat down at his side.

"Tom," she said, in a strangled voice, "something dreadful has happened. Meredith has told me as Gweneith to marry him—he told me so himself."

This sudden information proved disconcerting to the young man; his hand swerved, and he cut a deep notch in the board he was planing for carving. "Gweneith," he cried, with twofold disgust, "what will you tell me next? Then he looked up and caught his sister's face. His own changed instantly, and he put down his plane.

"The truth is," he said sternly, "you have been playing the fool with Meredith. I gave you credit for more sense. He is not a boy to be attracted by silly caprice. Meredith is a man of the world and my best friend. He has made no secret to me of his fondness for you. It was quite understood between us that the object of his visit this week end was to clinch matters with you. You cannot say," he concluded, with some reproach, "that I did not give you a hint as to his intentions." Helen flattered, "That's just it," she said, miserably. "You see—I knew why he was coming."

"Quite so," her brother replied, "but was that, I ask you, any reason why you should have led him a dog's life ever since he arrived?"

"You may condemn me," Helen said, meeting his gaze with some dignity, "but most girls under the circumstances would have done the same."

"Girls!" cried her brother, almost beside himself with chagrin and disappointment; "yes—you are right there; it is not enough for them to have a man's honest love; they must make a fool—a spectacle—of him to their friends. Behave!"

"Don't," Helen faltered, in a choked voice. "My heart's broken; it is not that enough," she was silent, then she looked up with tears on her lashes. "Tom, dear," she said, "try to understand me; think—if you were about to propose to a girl—would you like her, by her manner, to any way indicate your doing so?"

Tom's brown eyes met his sister's at last comprehendingly. "No," he said stoutly. "I don't know that I should."

"Well," Helen faltered, blushing to the tips of her little pink ears, "you see, knowing what he did—whatever he would, I wouldn't."

"Ah!" her brother said, "I suppose that would be the situation. It seems simple, but scarcely promising of result."

"Oh, it would have come right—in time," Helen said, "only—there was always—Gweneith."

"Gweneith! what on earth had she—?"

"You see," said Helen, "Gweneith is so obliging. She is always ready to make up for my many delinquencies. When I scratched—metaphorically, of course—she was there to bind up the wound. I confess her conduct exasperated me; I wasn't even as nice as I might have been had she never left Australia. I, at times, regretted that she was our father's third cousin once removed and had no other English relatives to visit this autumn. At last, when—when he did speak—I laughed at him; and suggested Gweneith as a substitute; and"—she concluded, with a wretched attempt at bravado, "You see—she has acted on my suggestion."

Tom was mentally denouncing himself as a blundering fool and Gweneith as a meddling, hypocrite. "Of course," he said, "you are not yet certain she will accept him."

Helen sprang to her feet and stood, an inglorious beauty with flashing eyes, before him. "Accept him!" she cried, with scorn; "can there be a shadow of doubt of such a thing?—she will be only too pleased, too proud, as any girl might. Accept him, indeed!—she would never have the impertinence to refuse. He, the cleverest, most brilliant K. C. in England. Accept him! Of course she will. Only—only," her voice broke, "and will never love him as I do. I who worshipped the very ground he walked upon." She sat down, her eyes full of despair. "No one will ever love him as I do," she said.

Tom was feeling ill with sympathy, but his face was set as hard as a flint. "I must say," he said, doggedly, "that you had a queer way of showing your affection. I fear now there is nothing to be done."

Helen pushed back her golden hair from her face. "The house suffocates me," she said. "Let us go on the river. I may feel better there."

Her brother threw on his coat. Down stairs they caught sight of the much-discussed couple standing together on the veranda. Gweneith had for once dropped her knitting and was holding a flower in her hand, and Meredith was near her talking in a low voice.

Tom felt his sister's fingers tighten on his arm. They hurried down the garden path unseen. Near the bank the boat lay moored, the cushion and oars ready therein. A moment or two more and the brother and sister were going swiftly down stream, and the house was out of sight.

Helen took advantage of the gloaming, and when her attention was not claimed by steering cried softly unseen. "They will say," she declared presently, "that Gweneith has cut me out."

"I am afraid we must admit the fact," her brother answered mercilessly.

"All the same," Helen declared with spirit, "it is I whom Meredith loves—a woman always knows," she said, triumphantly creeping into her voice. Then she began to laugh. "I must laugh," she explained, with tears in her eyes. "Think of Gweneith as Meredith's wife; she won't understand him in the least. She will think him coarse when he is only enthusiastic, and vulgar when he is witty; she never, you know, saw a joke in her life; and the smell of tobacco is abominable." Her voice had trailed into a sob.

Tom's endurance had run out. "I may," he said, with suppressed wrath, "lack imagination, and I am not a woman, but even did I suffer from

both infirmities, I'm hanged if I care a tinker's curse for a man who behaved in such a manner. "But," he concluded loftily, "I do not understand women."

From the woods through which the stream ran came now the wailing of wild thine trees, and tiny wavelets began to stir the surface of the river. "There will be rain," Tom said, "and you have no coat. We had better turn—there is barely time to get back for dinner."

The words, simple in themselves, brought fresh agony to Helen. Life was to be lived, dinner to be eaten, though Meredith was lost to her. Deeply clenched her heart, death with its oblivion seemed kind; she looked down into the darkening waters.

"Be careful how you steer," cried Tom, as he turned the boat—"the light's queer."

Carefulness and Helen were at that moment antipodal—a watery grave alluring from a world empty of Meredith. Gathering gloom, the narrowness of the stream did the rest—a moment later the boat ran into the opposite bank with an ominous grating sound. Tom swore horribly. Helen put her fingers to her ears. "Save yourself, dear," she cried; "don't mind me—I prefer to die."

"Catch that oar and don't be an idiot!" yelled Tom. Something white glided by swiftly, and was lost in the darkness.

It was useless to go on with one oar and the stream against them. Having exhausted his imprecatory vocabulary, Tom discovered the water to be shallow enough, and in sudden displeasure assisted his sister to the bank above.

Further investigation proved that the best plan would be to tow the boat home.

"We shall be horribly late for dinner," Tom grumbled, as they at last set forth.

Helen was feeling disappointed at finding herself still alive. The misadventure had ended tamely in mud and discomfort.

Some one from landing stage hailed them as they approached. It was Meredith, and Helen's heart leaped at the sound.

"Are you all right?" he cried, and there was a queer ring in his voice. "Thank God you are back! I was horribly afraid that something had happened."

"Thank you," Helen said, trying hard to appear dignified and not to shiver. "I am quite all right. Where is Gweneith?"

"Your cousin," said Meredith, making no attempt to release the hand that Helen was striving to free from his grasp, "went to her room some time ago."

"But I—thought—" Helen began. Meredith laughed. It must be confessed a little awkwardly. "It didn't come off," he said. "I gave her a lesson in botany instead."

"Then—" Helen's lips tried to frame the question, but only a little inarticulate cry broke from her, as in the darkness she felt Meredith draw her close to his heart.

"Dearest," he whispered, "it was wrong of me, but did I quite deserve to be given the worst hour in my life? Is teasing to be your monopoly?"

Then his voice rang out sharply through the night to Tom in the boat. "I say, old chap, have you a light? I am—said Helen has fainted."

But out of the darkness came Helen's voice, feeble, but "Jugged with bliss: 'It's all right, Tom," she said, "he didn't do it—it was just a mistake."

Other sounds of bliss came to Tom as, feeling no little relieved, but distinctly out of it he strode up the garden between the sunflowers, brushing the cobwebs from his face.

"What a silly business!" he told himself, realizing for the first time that he was desperately hungry and wet to the skin; "and, hang it all! I have quite spoiled that oak panel."—Clifford Mills, in the Pall Mall Gazette.

## The Derivation of Words.

There are some very funny stories told about the derivations of words, since people are likely to twist their language into strange forms. Thus, the Pope is even today called by the name "pontifex," which boys in the Latin class all know is taken by him from the title of the Roman priests.

Now "pontifex" means bridge builder, and it is true that the Roman priests in the early days of the Republic were in charge of bridges; but scholars tell us that the word "pontifex" probably should be "pompitex," meaning "maker of ceremonies." Many of you have wondered what the priests had to do with bridge building, and this little change of "nt" to "mp" makes the whole matter clear.

An astonishing derivation of words, "stranger," which, we are told, comes from the Greek word, "ex," or out of. Absurd as this seems, it is easy to understand. "Ex" means out, from or away, the same word as the Latin "ex"; hence comes extra. Then comes the Latin extraneus, which means outside.

The old, French word, from this strange, means an outsider, but strange give us the word stranger by dropping the "s," and stranger by dropping the "e."

After this serious example, we shall not be surprised at the old joke that derived the town name "Middletown" from "Moses" by dropping the "iddle" and adding "oses."—St. Nicholas.

Two gentlemen were traveling in one of the hill countries of Kentucky not long ago, bound on an exploration for pitch pine. They had been driving for a long time without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The boys lay where they grazed, and round in a great circle, to save the trouble of walking, and one lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the clay-bank mud, leaned against a tree and let them roll by.

"Wonder if he can speak?" said one traveler to the other.

"Try him," said his companion.

"How do you do?" said the Northerner.

"Howdy?" said the Southerner, languidly.

"Pleasant country?"

"Fur them that like it."

"Lived here all your life?"

The Southerner spat pensively in the dust.

"Not yet," he said.—Reader Magazine.

## Her House in Order.

Miss Dennett-Brown was much elated. The post had brought her two gratifying communications—one from her banker announcing the advantageous sale of some shares in a company she believed to be unound; the other from her married sister in London telling her that Lady Macintyre had taken up her mind to settle in Chipperton.

She was only the widow of a city knight, it is true, but she had a handle to her name, and was supposed to be wealthy.

It is just what we want in Chipperton," Miss Dennett-Brown remarked to her unmarried sister, Oliver, "some one to give tone to the place and lead society."

And already she saw visions of garden parties, at which she would be an honored guest, and bazaars at which she would be asked to hold a stall. With her maid's eye she even began to range rapidly over her somewhat antiquated wardrobe and to reckon up its possibilities.

"She will be a great acquisition, but"—turning to her letter—"she is not to be here till the end of the London season, Carrie says."

Having decided that this was to be regretted but could not be helped, she armed herself with a sheath of tracks and went forth in great good humor to visit those of her neighbors who, being poor, had apparently forfeited the Englishman's right to consider his house his castle.

She went first to some chalet-like cottage just on the outskirts of the town, in two of which new tenants had lately come, whose acquaintance she was anxious to make.

The door of the first was invitingly open. Through it she saw, in the little sitting-room opposite, a woman who was engaged in ironing some lace-looking articles. She was of a pleasant, but homely countenance, and wore her gown pinned up under a voluminous holland pinafore.

Miss Dennett-Brown rapped sharply on the door with the handle of her umbrella, and without waiting for permission, entered.

"I hope I do not interrupt you," she said.

The woman's face expressed surprise—and could it be possible?—a shade of annoyance. But she said politely: "Oh, not at all; if you go into the front room I will be with you in a minute."

"Don't move," exclaimed the other. "Go on with your work—I will sit here," and she plumped herself down into a chair by the table. "I love to watch people work."

I expect it is fascinating sometimes to those who themselves have nothing to do."

Miss Dennett-Brown was a little taken aback and tried to look severe. "Oh, I am a very busy woman, I assure you. Do you always do your own ironing in here?"

"No, not always. I sometimes iron in the kitchen—but today the kitchen is rather in a pickle. Do you not think it is a good rule to clean your kitchen early? An ill kept kitchen is—well, you know, so very untidy."

"I have a little paper on that very subject. I am sure you will find it useful," and driving into her string bag, she produced a tract.

"Her House in Order," it is called," she said; "it is most interesting."

She was so observant of the countenances of the humble, or she would have noticed a curious twinkle in the eyes of the woman before her, as she replied:

"Thank you. Kindly put it down, and I will show it by and by to Susan."

"Read it yourself, my good woman—read it yourself—it will teach you a great deal."

And without stopping for a reply she jerked her thumb in the direction of the clattering of pails, and asked tactfully:

"Your daughter?"

"No, that is not my daughter—my daughter is in London."

"In service?"

"She is married."

"Indeed. I hope she has a good husband."

"I hope so—she has made no complaint so far."

"Any sons?"

"Yes, I have two sons."

"And what are they doing?"

"One is a collector, and the other a soldier."

"Oh, really—a collector? Not what do you call a collector? What does he collect—taxes? I suppose?"

"Well, I believe he does, sometimes. But he does a great deal more than that—he is very hard worked, poor boy."

"That's better than having no work at all, like those poor wretched men who go about the streets. Hard work would do him any harm—it will do him good. I don't believe in young men being too hard worked."

"No? I am afraid they are sometimes."

"Don't you believe it. And the one who is a soldier? Is he steady? I hope so, for your sake—but they are exposed to many temptations, are they not? Now I have a touching little story here, which I should like you to send him when you write—it may help to keep him in the right way."

And again she had recourse to her bag, and drew forth another paper.

"Thank you, I will not fail to send it to him."

The ironing being now finished, the mistress of the house suggested an adjournment to another room, as her visitor seemed inclined to stay. The latter unceremoniously pushed open a door in the passage, looked with disfavor at a pile of unpacked luggage, and sniffed unostentatiously.

"A very unpleasant smell here," she said. "What is it? Stuffy—very stuffy! I should keep that window open if I were you. Let me see, when did you come in?"

"About ten days ago."

"Oh, you are not very quick in settling down, are you? I shall be around next week with the 'Parish Magazine,' and shall hope to find you quite straight; in the meantime, mind you read the little paper—it will be a great help. No, I will not go out into the other room—and, oh, don't forget to send the story to your soldier son."

"I will certainly send it. Who shall I say sent it to him?"

"I'm Miss Dennett-Brown—but you can tell him it was one of the parish visitors. Oh, and I have not asked your name."

"I am Lady Macintyre," the other replied sweetly. "I have come in here to be near the Poplars, which is being got ready for me—pretty, quaint little doll's house, isn't it?"

But Miss Dennett-Brown could not reply; she felt a cold creepy sensation down her spine, and finding herself suddenly bereft of speech—she asked plaintively when her sister reproached her with want of penetration. "She

looked just like any one else—not so unbecomingly as Mrs. Wang, the postman's wife, and she had on an old holland overall—and—"

she went on breathlessly, "it was mean of her, not to say who she was at first, and to lead me on—and it was just like Carrie to say she wasn't coming yet—she always does get hold of the wrong end of a story—of course we shall not be invited to the Poplars now!" And the much-injured lady wept.—Ellis Wynard, in Lady's Realm.

## No Longer a Prophet.

There had been years when Obed Small had given the town the benefit of his weather predictions; the former resident of Hushy remembered those years, and was not prepared for the unresponsive look which marked Mr. Small's features when asked what the prospects were for a good picnic day.

"I've nothing to say about it," and Mr. Small gazed carefully down the road, on which there was nothing to be seen save dust and a small boy with a large paper bundle.

"Why, Mr. Small, aren't you the town prophet, just as you used to be?" asked the former resident, reproachfully. "I relied on you to tell me before I invited the young people."

A spark of angry recollection kindled in Mr. Small's dull eye.

"If you'd been here in the summer of '92," he said, slowly, "you'd know my reasons. If you'd seen Ma'am Gregg when she came at me, all sails set, for telling her Mary Jane that I was going to be a lovely afternoon for her to go riding with that young Simpson chap, she was trying to get you'd have known 'em."

"Seems she wore her best suit of summer goods and a flower hat and a pink spotted veil, all on my representations of the weather. They set forth in an open buggy for Wilson's Lake, and a thunderstorm came up from over behind old Greenough's mountain, and struck 'em on the upper road, where there's no house for nearly three miles."

"She's afraid of lightning, and had hysterics; besides which her clothes spoiled and shrunk most fearful, and her hair came out of curl; her hat flowers ran, and so did her veil; and she lost the Simpson chap as the result, her mother said."

"I moved my Bible and hymn book to the Marston church a month later, so I shouldn't have to see that Gregg woman and Mary Jane every Sunday. I've suffered pretty well for toly, I tell you—and I learned my lesson once and for all."

"That boy coming along the road'll probably tell a great deal more about the weather prospects in five minutes than I'll ever tell as long as I live. So I'll bid ye good day."—Youth's Companion.

## Almost Nothing.

Beggar—Mister, I'm sick and starving. I ain't had any food for five days.

Goodman—Oh, come, now. No food at all?

Beggar—Well, nothin' but health food.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## Revenge is Sweet.

"Why do you look so pleased over the mere making out of a list of those you are going to invite to your reception?"

"You're mistaken. This is a list of those I'm not going to invite."—Answer.

## There's the Expense.

"I wonder if it's true that it costs so very much to live in New York?"

"It may not cost much to live," replied the man who had tried it, "but it cost a lot to make people believe you're living and not merely existing."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Softly Sentimental.

"Have you any new song that is soft and mellow?"

"Well, here's one that just came in. It's called 'I Love My Little Oozy, Mozy Moo.' That sounds mozy, doesn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Knew His Book.

"Under what circumstances," asked the chief examiner, "would you call in another physician for a consultation?"

"When I didn't want the patient to die on my own hands," promptly answered the medical student.—Chicago News.

## Expectations.

"When I say no to a man I expect him to consider that the end of it?"

"And when you say no to a woman?"

"I expect her to come back the next day with a more becoming hat on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## When the Beans Grow Cold.

Prospective Boarder—There's one thing I insist on. I must have my meals on time.

Landlady—Then, sir, I cannot accommodate you. My terms are strictly cash.—Boston Transcript.

## Placing the Responsibility.

"And what will become of the children, Elsie, when we get a divorce?"

"Why, you'll take them, of course. You're the guilty one."—Megendorfer Blatter.

A clergyman who had accepted an invitation to officiate at Sunday services in a neighboring town entrusted his new curate with the performance of his own duties. On returning home he asked his wife what she thought of the curate's sermon. "It was the poorest one I ever heard," she replied, promptly—"nothing in it at all." Later in the day the clergyman, meeting his curate, asked how he had got on. "Oh, very well, was the reply. 'I didn't have time to prepare anything, so I preached one of your unused sermons.'"

A young man out at Burton recently started in the livery business. The first thing he did was to have a big sign painted representing himself holding a mule by the bridle. He was proud of the sign until one day he asked of a passing citizen: "Isn't that a perfect likeness of me?"

"Yes, that's a fine picture of you," the citizen replied; "but who is that fellow holding the bridle?"—Kansas City Journal.

## Women's Dep't.

## Water Famine in Ohio Town.

A water famine in Mt. Auburn, a suburb of Cincinnati, has prevailed for the last four months. The women, even those who have hitherto taken no interest in politics, are up in arms; for the city has lately put in a large new water plant, and the failure to get water through it is attributed to corrupt politics. The women have held indignation meetings, and have sent deputations to the city hall and to various public boards that have to do with the water supply.

A woman who is at the head of an orphan asylum testified that the children were ill with tonsillitis as a result of poor water. Another woman, the superintendent of a hospital, declared that the hospital lacked water for baths and even for drinking purposes, and that the sick were suffering. Leading society women, mothers and housekeepers all united in the protest, but thus far they have failed to get relief.

The matter is likely to bring an increase of membership to the Cincinnati Equal Suffrage Association, as it shows the close relationship between politics and the home. When impure politics in New York led to an impure milk supply, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman pointed out that politicians were "not outside the house, but inside the baby."

The Cincinnati women are now having a painful object lesson to the same effect.—A. S. B.

## Mothers to the Rescue.

In Allendale, N. J., the men for years failed to vote money enough to provide good school accommodations and competent teachers. They said any parents who were not satisfied could send their children to private schools. At last the local board of education, in despair, appealed to the women, who in New Jersey have a vote on school appropriations. The other day the mothers of Allendale turned out as one woman, according to the New York Tribune, and voted an appropriation large enough to meet the needs of their children in the schools. The same thing happened recently in Madison, Wis., and a few years ago in Toronto, where women have the full municipal vote, an independent candidate for mayor carried the election, largely on that issue. When Theodore Roosevelt was Governor of New York, he started the conservatives by recommending woman suffrage in his message to the Legislature. On being asked why, he said that his house town of Oyster Bay had long been in great need of a new schoolhouse, but was unable to secure the needed appropriation until the women got a vote. Then the mothers voted the new school house at once. Mothers all the country over believe that the last place where any city ought to economize is on the education of the children.—A. S. B.

## The First Man Nowadays.

Teacher—Who was the first man? Head Scholar—Washington. He was the first in war, first in—

Teacher—No, no; Adam was the first man.

Head Scholar—Oh, if you're talking about foreigners, I suppose he was!

## For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething.

It relieves the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no kinder, sweeter, and more effective remedy for children's teething than Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, soothes the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives prompt relief to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations.

## The First Man Nowadays.

Teacher—Who was the first man? Head Scholar—Washington. He was the first in war, first in—

Teacher—No, no; Adam was the first man.



## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as clear as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, care Newport Historical Society, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1906.

## NOTES.

**MATTHEW WEST**  
HIS  
**DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES**  
WITH  
**NEW JERSEY PATENTS.**  
By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

Thomas Abbott witnessed will of David Shepherd of Salem Co. N. J., yeoman, made Nov. 20, 1695, in which David mentions wife Eve and children David, John, Joseph, Ruth Abbott, Eve, Elizabeth and Hannah; leaving a legacy to Thomas Brudge, Executors, wife Eve and son David Shepherd. Witnesses: William Dare, John Green, Thomas Abbott. Recorded, April 4, 1696. Salter in his history of Monmouth and Ocean Counties, says, David, Thomas, and John Sheppard came from Tipperary Ireland, and in 1688 settled in what is now Cumberland Co. N. J., Thomas first named in Middletown, N. J., and married Deborah (Grover, daughter of Joseph of Middletown and wife Hannah (Lawrence) dau. William) Grover. Thomas supposed to be son of Francis Shepherd of Charlestown, Mass. May 2, 1700, Thomas Abbott of Cohasset, Salem Co. N. J., cooper, gave a deed to Robert Barrow of said county, for 225 acres near the head of Alloway Creek, settled upon grantor by Elizabeth, widow of his brother John Abbott, being a part of 500 acres bought by the said John Abbott, Aug. 18, 1691.

Mary Abbott married William Tyler Jr. b. 6; mo; 1680; their children were: William Tyler, b. 1712; Edith Tyler, b. 1714; Rebecca Tyler, b. 1716; Mary Tyler, b. 1718; James Tyler, b. 1720; Samuel Tyler, b. 1722. Thus by her marriage, Mary Abbott, became sister-in-law of Abel (2) Nicholson above said, whose wife was Mary Tyler sister of William who md. Mary Abbott. William Tyler Jr. was executor of the will of his father above given, with his brother John Tyler. Witnesses of which will were, William Hall, John Frith.

William Hall married Sarah Bradway daughter of Edward and Mary Bradway whose sister Mary Bradway married Hugh Middleton, and the sisters Sarah and Mary had a brother-in-law William Cooper of Salem W. J. deceased in 1693, whose son John Cooper was living in that year. Mary (Abbott) Tyler, as a widow married (2) in 1735, Robert Townsend of Cape May, and they had Rany Townsend. Robert Townsend was son of John Townsend of Cape May Co., gent, who made his will Nov. 24, 1715, in which he mentions wife Mercy and sons Richard and Robert Townsend and son-in-law (step-son) John Willis; mentions land at Goschen, Cape May Co. N. J., Executors, wife with sons Richard and Robert Townsend, with Colonel Jacob Spicer, John Page and Nathaniel Jenkins (Glinkins in above will of Thomas Abbott) as trustees. Witnesses: Richard Downes (who had Aug. 29, 1702, the estate of John Stubs, mariner, by will of Stubs divided, between Richard Downes, Richard Carr, Deborah Hand, Peter Proctor), Andrew Godfrey, Joseph Ludlow. Proved, Jan. 20, 1712. (Liber 2, p. 206).

10. Elizabeth (3) Woolley, b. 17; 2; 1700; md. 12; 11; 1720, John Field, b. 18; 11; 1694; named on Flushing N. Y. records; son of Benjamin (Anthony, Robert, William, William, John Field), Elizabeth died June 24, 1769, and John Field, her husband, died March 28, 1778. They had a daughter Hannah Field who died March 20, 1778.

On 5; mo; 1723, John Field and wife Elizabeth (Woolley) Field signed marriage certificate of her sister, Leah Woolley, when she married John Mattock Denu on the right hand column in the right place for her to sign according to her birth, as sister of the bride; as John Woolley, father of the bride signed next after her, then her brothers Thomas, William and Benjamin Woolley, then Patience (Tucker) Woolley, wife of Thomas and sister-in-law of the bride, then John Field and wife Elizabeth Field sign in their place as sister of the bride, (necessary to state, as Field Genealogy gives the name of wife of this John Field as Elizabeth Woolley, whether in England the names were synonymous, as Cooper and Cowper were, or if a typographical error was made, I am unable to say).

John Field was second child of Benjamin Field, born in Flushing, who married Hannah (Bowne, also given as Bowne, Bowen, Bown and Bound), Nov. 30, 1691, she b. Apt. 2, 1665 and d. Dec. 30, 1707, daughter of John Bowne, who married Hannah Feaks (Feke) daughter of Robert Feaks and wife Elizabeth Fones—Winthrop, as Elizabeth whose mother was Winthrop, first married her cousin, Henry Winthrop, son of John Winthrop first Governor of Massachusetts. In a year after their marriage Henry Winthrop was drowned at Salem, Mass., and soon after Elizabeth married again Robert Feake and had a daughter Hannah Feake who married John Bowne, of Flushing, and she had a second child, Elizabeth Feake, who became second wife of Capt. John Underhill, and a third child, John Feake who married Elizabeth (Prior, daughter of Matthew) and had first child of nine, Elizabeth Feake, born 1674, married as his second wife, Benjamin Field, Field parents of John Field who married Elizabeth Woolley. Benjamin Field married third Sarah Taylor.

A son Tobias given to Robert Feake as his first child, born in Watertown, Mass. where Robert first settled. The Priors were of Mattinecock, and Matthew Prior and wife Mary had a daughter Sarah b. Oct. 1664 who md. Aug. 30, 1686, John Gould b. May 4, 1659 and d. May 6, 1704, and his widow Sarah md. (2) Aug. 31, 1711, Walter Clarke, as his fourth wife, and she d. 1714. Walter was son of Jeremiah Clarke, b. 1640 md. (1) Content Greenman in 1660; md. (2) Hannah Scott in

1667; md. (3) widow Freeborn Hart in 1688.

John Gould was son of Daniel and Wait (Coggeshall) Gould, son of Jeremiah and Priscilla (Grover) Gould, Content Greenman was dan. of John of Newport R. I.

(To be continued.)

## QUERIES.

6168. WHITING—Would like information concerning descendants of this family.

Major Wm. Whiting, orig. settler in Hartford, home lot 1839 on the east side of Governor St. b. in Eng., died in Hartford, July or Aug., 1647 or 87 md. Susanna, who d. July 8, 1673.

He is styled "The Worshipful William Whiting." He was 2d Treasurer of the Conn. Colony, from 1641 to 1648; Magistrate 1641 to 1648 (Col. Rec., Vol. 1). He was prominent in the government in many ways until his death; and one of the leading merchants. He was associated in patents for lands in Piscataqua, Swampscott, etc., with Lord Say and Brooke and others. In 1662 he was appointed with Maj. John Mason and others to erect fortifications and to collect tribute from the Long Island Indians, etc. He was a prominent member of the Particular Court from its foundation in 1638 until 1665, twenty-six years. His will is copied in the Col. Records. Susanna md. 3d Saml. Fitch, 3d. Alexander Bryan of Milford, whose first wife was Annie Baldwin (Robert (3), Henry (2), Richard (1)).

Sarah (2) Whiting, dau. of Wm. and Susan, b. ab. 1637, in Hartford, d. ab. 1704 in Northampton, Mass., md. 1st. ab. 1655, Jacob Mygatt, 2d. b. 1633, d. John King of Northampton, Mass. Susanna, her mother, died in Middletown, July 8, 1673, at the home of her son-in-law, "the Rev. Nathaniel Collins (who had married her dau. Susanna Bryan)."—A. L. B.

6169. WESTGATE—Am interested in knowing ancestry of Robert Westgate and Patience Carr. Patience was daughter of Edward Carr. Their daughter Hannah, born June 1, 1735, married Captain James Aborn of Pawtucket, R. I., November 16, 1755, and died in Providence, May 9, 1819. She was my great-grandmother.—H. L. G.

6170. LOOMIS—Horace Loomis, b. Jan. 15, 1808, md. Abigail Hall, July 22, 1839, d. May 14, 1868, Troy, Wisconsin. His son, Collins Loomis, had: 1. Collins Loomis, b. Aug. 17, 1807, md. Ann Martin, May 4, 1863, Richmond, N. Y. (No issue).

2. Lebbeus Loomis, b. July 4, 1809, md. Elvira Martin, Jan. 31, 1833, died 1871, Burlington, Vt.

3. Alfred Loomis, b. July 20, 1811, removed to California. Unmarried.

4. Albert G. Loomis, b. June 25, 1813, died June 22, 1889. Unmarried.

5. Joslyn Loomis, b. Oct. 22, 1815, md. Ann Maria Kenyon, Penn.

6. Lavina Eliza, b. Jan. 27, 1818, md. Justus E. Hull, Schnytzer's Lake, N. Y.

7. Parthenia Loomis, b. Jan. 7, 1820, md. Lewis E. Hill, d. May 1865, No. Brookfield, Mass.

8. Abigail Loomis, b. Feb. 8, 1822, d. June 25, 1843. Unmarried.

9. Daniel Loomis, b. Nov. 7, 1823, md. Sybil Briggs, Jan. 27, 1857, Richmond, Vt.

10. Edward Loomis, b. Dec. 8, 1825, removed to California. Unmarried.

11. Russell Loomis, b. Feb. 3, 1831, removed to California. Unmarried.

Would like list of children of Joslyn and Daniel—C. S.

## ANSWERS.

6165. ALLEN—1. Samuel Allen, born about 1683, came from Braintree, Essex Co., England, to Cambridge, Mass., 1632. He settled in Windsor, Conn., 1635. Died there Apr. 1648, aged 60 yrs. He left a widow Ann and six children. The widow married second William Hurlbut of Northampton, Mass., where she died Nov. 13, 1687. Samuel and Ann Allen had three sons, Samuel, b. 1634, d. 1718; Nehemiah, died 1684 in Salisbury Conn., and John.

2. Nehemiah had among other children, Samuel, b. July 6, 1674, d. Mar. 29, 1739.

3. Samuel had Joseph, and other children.

4. Joseph, b. in Deerfield, Mass., Oct. 14, 1708, died at Cornwall, Conn., Apr. 14, 1755. He married Mary Baker, sister of Remembrance Baker. Their children were: 5. Ethan, b. in Litchfield, Conn., Jan. 10, 1737-8, d. to Colchester, Vt., Feb. 13, 1789; Heman, b. Oct. 15, 1740; Lydia, b. Ap. 6, 1741-2, married — Finch, of Goshen, Conn.; Heber, b. Oct. 4, 1748, d. in Poultney, Vt.; Levi, b. Jan. 16, 1745, d. in Burlington, Vt., 1801; Lucy, b. Ap. 2, 1747, married Dr. Bissop, of Sheffield, Mass.; Zimri, b. Dec. 10, 1748; R. b. May 1, 1751, married Jerusha Enos, daughter of Gen. Roger Enos.

Gen. Ethan Allen married first at Washington, Conn., June 22, 1762, Mary Branson, of Roxbury Conn. She died 1783; he married second Feb. 7, 1764, Mrs. Frances (Montauk) Buchanan, step daughter of the tory Crean Bush. She died at Burlington, Vt. 1834.—L. B. N.

Inspector of Nuisances.

The Inspector of Nuisances reports that during the month of September, 1906, 411 inspections were made, divided as follows:

Premises where inside or non-freezing closets were found, 230; no traps to sink, 4; water closets leaking into cellar, 2; sink waste running into cellar, 1; unsanitary water closets, 2; dirty cellars, beds and rubbish, 2; dirty yards, 7; cleaned, 1; defective grease trap, 1; grease traps and drains stopped up, 6; cleared, 5; vaults found open, 11; half full or less, 33; full or leaking out, 5; vaults condemned where nothing has been done, 14; vaults condemned and filled, 2; vaults condemned, closets in, vaults not filled, 3; vaults condemned, plumber at work, 2; no manure pits, 6; nuisance from slops from lunch wagon, 1; abated, 1; nuisance from water from gas main, thrown in street, 1; nuisance from stagnant water, 1; nuisance from unused well, 1; inspections where typhoid and diphtheria were reported, 3; stables found clean, 34; no cause for complaint, 6; not classified, 2. One sample of water sent to State Board of Health for analysis.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for the owner, Philip Stevens, the flat on Watson street to James A. Harris.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the unfurnished cottage on C. W. Crocker road, belonging to Mrs. Sarah H. DeBlois, to H. G. Cook.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the upper half of the house, No. 29 Edward street, belonging to Antone Peters to Mrs. T. McIntyre.

## Looking Forward.

How many times last winter did you wish you had a couch? Remember the nights you've returned from work tired and exhausted, and had to sit bolt upright in a chair for an unrefreshing rest, perhaps fallen to sleep and awake with a stiff neck? Does it pay?

Good couches are low priced these days. Our couches are all good, we guarantee that, and our couch prices begin at \$3.00.

For \$11.50

We've one that deserves special mention. The springs are all blue tempered steel and are placed on a wood base to avoid any sagging; there's no excelsior used in the filling—all moss and tow; the edges are made firm on a spring frame; the covering is a heavy velour, tufted from head to foot.

Soft, luxurious, sleep inviting—can you picture the difference between this and a stiff deck? And only \$11.50.

## A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

## Chance to Locate Your Business on Thames Street.

Valuable Property. One of the best locations on the street.

Can be purchased or rented.

## WM. E. BRIGHTMAN.

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.



## Notice to the Grocer.

You can save many trips a day. Secure your orders by telephone. The team item alone will more than pay your telephone rental and you will find your trade increased.

RESIDENCE RATES ARE LOW.

## PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE COMPANY.

LOCAL CONTRACT AGENT.

142 SPRING STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

## Middletown.

Mrs. Henry C. Sherman.

Mrs. Clara Irish Sherman, wife of Mr. Henry C. Sherman, who had been in failing health for the past year, died very suddenly early Saturday morning at her home on the corner of Wyatt and East Main Roads. Mrs. Sherman was a native of Newport and the daughter of the late William and Clara Irish of that city, but for the past 20 years had been a resident of Middletown. She was a woman of very retiring disposition although of great sterling worth, and was a most devoted wife and mother.

She leaves a husband, three sons, William I. Sherman, Rowland S. and Henry C. Sherman, Jr., and three daughters, Mrs. Freeborn Coggeshall, Mrs. Abram A. Brown, Jr., of Newport and Miss Martha Sherman of Middletown. Funeral services were held at the home of her husband Tuesday afternoon, and were attended by a very large gathering. Rev. J. Francis Cooper of Providence, a former pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, conducted the services and the choir from the M. E. Church, Messrs. A. Herbert Ward and William J. Peckham, Mrs. Ida Brown, and Miss Sadie I. Peckham sang. Mr. Cooper spoke in terms of great praise of Mrs. Sherman's devoted home life and of her Christian influence. The interment was in the family burial lot in the Island Cemetery, Newport.

The hearers were Messrs. George Wilbur of Newport, Henry Wilson, James H. Barker and Charles H. Ward of Middletown. There was a profusion of flowers.

Mrs. Edward E. Peckham is spending the week with Mrs. Restcom Peckham.

Rev. Allen Jacobs returned from Cambridge on Thursday and will preach as usual at St. Mary's and Holy Cross Chapel on Sunday.

The Middletown W. C. T. U. was represented at its State Convention at Pawtucket on Wednesday by its President, Mrs. R. J. Grinnell.

The fall meetings of St. Columba's Guild began on Friday, when the Guild was entertained at the home of its President, Mrs. William R. Hunter, at Sunnyfields Farm.

Holy Cross Guild gave its monthly "dine" supper on Wednesday evening, at the Guild House, about 70 people being present. The M. E. Church also held a social and supper the same evening with a good attendance.

The first meeting of the Paradise Reading Club for the new year of 1906-7, was held on Wednesday afternoon at the home of its President, Miss Martha J. Peckham on Paradise Avenue.

## Notice to Sportsmen and Gunners

Public Laws, Chap. 746, Sec. 7. "Every person who shall between the first day of December and the fifteenth day of October, next following, inclusive, shoot at or kill ANY BIRD UPON LAND NOT OWNED OR OCCUPIED BY HIMSELF, and without the permission of the owner or occupant thereof, shall forfeit and pay to the owner or occupant thereof, five dollars for the first offence and ten dollars for every subsequent offence, in addition to the damages sustained by the foregoing law applied to persons shooting birds which may be lawfully killed; and also to persons shooting or hunting wild birds, owls or crows, for bounty."

Public Laws, Chap. 1006. "Whoever shall enter upon the land of another for the purpose of either shooting, trapping or fishing when the same shall be lawfully closed, or when the owner or occupant thereof has posted the land with notices that shooting, trapping or fishing is prohibited thereon, or whoever shall without right, mutilate, destroy or remove any such notice, shall be fined not exceeding twenty dollars."

Alexander O'Driscoll Taylor  
Commissioner for the Protection of Birds for the County of Newport, R. I.  
(Office, 182 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, 31st August, 1906.)

## FOR SALE

A fine Dorchester Buck Lamb. Enquire of Herbert Barker, Cornell Farm, Newport, R. I.

## NOTICE

To All Persons Selling Milk, Cream and Skimmed Milk.

All persons engaged in selling the articles above mentioned in glass jars or milk cans are required by law to bring the said bottles and cans to my office, and have them sealed as provided by the act passed in amendment to the general laws on April 19th, 1906. T. W. FREEBORNE, 104 Sealer of Weights and Measures.

## REPUBLICAN

## State Convention.

At a meeting of the Republican State Central Committee, held in Providence, on Tuesday, September 25, 1906, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: That the annual State Convention of the Rhode Island Republicans be held in the City of Providence, on Thursday, October 1, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for Senators and Representatives to the General Assembly for the ensuing year, and for the election of members of the State Central Committee, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said Convention. That the several Town and City Committees be and are hereby requested to call Primary Meetings for the purpose of electing delegates to said Convention, the number of delegates to be three times the representation of said towns and cities in the General Assembly of 1906, and to elect members of the Town and City Committees together with the names of the Chairmen and Secretaries of said Committees, with their post office addresses, upon the 24th day of September, 1906, and that the Secretaries of said Primary Meetings be requested to forward a copy of the credentials of delegates with the names of the members of the City or Town Committee, immediately after their election, to the Secretary of the State Central Committee, Nathan M. Wright, Providence, R. I.

RESOLVED, That the member of the Town or City Committee calling the meeting to order under the above call, together with the Chairman and Secretary of said meeting, be instructed to certify upon the credentials that said delegates were elected pursuant to a regular call of said Town or City Committee.

RESOLVED, That the several Town and City Committees are hereby requested to call the Primary Meetings for the purpose of nominating candidates for Senators and Representatives to the General Assembly for the ensuing year, on Monday, October 15, 1906, and that the usual certificate of nomination be filed with the Secretary of the State Central Committee, Nathan M. Wright, Providence, R. I., before midnight of Tuesday, October 16, 1906.

Attest: HAROLD B. GROSS, Chairman, NATHAN M. WRIGHT, Secretary.

## REPUBLICAN

## CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the Republican Committee of the First Congressional District of Rhode Island, held September 25, 1906, it was voted to issue the following call: The Republican electors of the First Congressional District of Rhode Island are cordially invited to take part in the choice of delegates to a Congressional District Convention to be held in the City of Providence, R. I., on Thursday, October 11, 1906, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Representative to the 60th Congress of the United States.

The several Town and City Committees are hereby requested to call Primary Meetings not later than Tuesday, October 9th, 1906, for the purpose of electing delegates to said Congressional District Convention, the number of delegates to be three times the representation of said towns and cities in the General Assembly of 1906, and to elect members of the Town and City Committees together with the names of the Chairmen and Secretaries of said Committees, with their post office addresses, upon the 24th day of September, 1906, and that the Secretaries of said Primary Meetings be requested to forward a copy of the credentials of delegates, immediately to the Secretary of the State Central Committee, Nathan M. Wright, Providence, R. I.

CHARLES C. GRAY, Chairman, SAMUEL L. PECK, Secretary.

## First Congressional District.

At a meeting of the Republican Committee of the First Congressional District of Rhode Island, held September 25, 1906, it was voted to issue the following call: The Republican electors of the First Congressional District of Rhode Island are cordially invited to take part in the choice of delegates to a Congressional District Convention to be held in the City of Providence, R. I., on Thursday, October 11, 1906, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Representative to the 60th Congress of the United States.

The several Town and City Committees are hereby requested to call Primary Meetings not later than Tuesday, October 9th, 1906, for the purpose of electing delegates to said Congressional District Convention, the number of delegates to be three times the representation of said towns and cities in the General Assembly of 1906, and to elect members of the Town and City Committees together with the names of the Chairmen and Secretaries of said Committees, with their post office addresses, upon the 24th day of September, 1906, and that the Secretaries of said Primary Meetings be requested to forward a copy of the credentials of delegates, immediately to the Secretary of the State Central Committee, Nathan M. Wright, Providence, R. I.

CHARLES C. GRAY, Chairman, SAMUEL L. PECK, Secretary.

## Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, July 20, A. D. 1906.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 834, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court September 9th, A. D. 1906, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1906, in favor of The Newport Trust Company, a banking corporation created by law and doing business in said City of Newport, plaintiff, and against Alexander South, of the City of Newport, and County of Newport, one of the defendants, I have this day at 10 o'clock a. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, South, has in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in the County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northernly on land now or formerly of said defendant, South, situate on Spring street 75 feet, southerly partly on land of John H. Murphy 80 feet, and partly on land of Patrick Costello 63 feet, westerly on the City of Newport, situate on Spring street 240 of a foot, and containing 8001 square feet of land, be said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said levied estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1906, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, and costs, and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK L. DEBLOIS, Deputy Sheriff.

## CITY OF NEWPORT.

## Poll Tax Notice.

ALL VOTERS who have not been assessed a tax on either real or personal estate have been assessed a poll tax of \$1, and are hereby notified to call at the office (or send by mail) and pay the same during the month of October.

The office is open daily from 10.30 a. m. to 1.00 p. m., and on Saturday evenings in October from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Chapter 500, section 1 of 1890 and Chapter 17, section 6 of 1896, provide as follows: If any person against whom a tax is assessed in accordance with the provisions of this chapter, fails to pay the same, or the same for 30 days after the same is due, the collector of taxes shall demand the same of such person with 25 cents for the cost of such demand, and if any such person who is demanded to pay such tax, together with the cost of making such demand within five days after the date of such demand, then the collector of taxes shall be deemed to have remitted, he is hereby notified, levy upon the body of said person, and commit him to jail in the County of Providence, Rhode Island, to remain in said jail, until he has paid the same, and all legal costs, including cost of making the demand as aforesaid, or be discharged therefrom in due course of law.

The Supreme Court of the State has recently rendered an opinion sustaining this law in every particular.

H. W. COZZENS, Collector of Taxes, Room 10, City Hall, Newport, R. I., September 26th, 1906.—9-29

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., September 17, A. D. 1906.

GEORGE B. COGGESHALL and Elizabeth H. Simmons present to this Court their petition in writing, that Harriet B. Chase, wife of Arthur C. Chase, of the town of Portsmouth, R. I., or some other suitable person, be appointed guardian of the person and estate of the said minor.

Sarah C. Coggeshall, the widow of David, deceased, a person of full age, but of unsound mind, and now residing in the City of Providence, in this State, and to succeed to the office and duties of said David, deceased, the said Sarah C. Coggeshall, who was her former guardian, made vacant by the death of the said David Coggeshall, who was her former guardian.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of October next, A. D. 1906, at one o'clock a. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, R. I., September 27th, 1906.

Estate of Patience Ann Holt.

An INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of the said Patience Ann Holt, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is read in open Court, and the date of its execution, to wit, the 10th day of October next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, is ascertained, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, July 20, A. D. 1906.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 834, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court September 9th, A. D. 1906, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1906, in favor of The Newport Trust Company, a banking corporation created by law and doing business in said City of Newport, plaintiff, and against Alexander South, of the City of Newport, and County of Newport, one of the defendants, I have this day at 10 o'clock a. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, South, has in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in the County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northernly on land now or formerly of said defendant, South, situate on Spring street 75 feet, southerly partly on land of John H. Murphy 80 feet, and partly on land of Patrick Costello 63 feet, westerly on the City of Newport, situate on Spring street 240 of a foot, and containing 8001 square feet of land, be said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to said Philip Dowling by Howard Smith and others by deed bearing date the 10th day of October, A. D. 1892, and recorded in Vol. 58, page 380, of the Land Evidence of Newport. The fourth of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, 90 feet by land of Robert S. Hone; Easternly, 80 feet by land of Mary A. Kierland; Southernly, by land of Samuel Hone; and Westernly, 80 feet by other land of said Robert S. Hone, be said measurements more or